A

FATHER's ADVICE

TO

HIS SON.

WRITTEN CHIEFLY

FOR THE PERUSAL

OF

YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. No. 4,
Aldermary Church-Yard, in Bow-Lane.

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BRITAN
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FATHER's ADVICE, &c.

—PRAY, Sir, ſaid *James Goodwin*, do you think that reading all thoſe little books we buy of Mr. *Marſhall*, can be of any uſe to us?

SOME of them, my dear, replied Mr. *Goodwin*, are fooliſh enough, and I ſhould be ſorry to have you waſte your time in reading them; but I aſſure you, I think many of them very inſtructive, and well worthy your moſt ſerious attention: and I will venture to ſay, that if you would but be careful to obſerve all the good advice you may

find contained in them, you would be one of the beſt boys in the world, and conſequently, in time, one of the beſt men.

BUT then, Sir, rejoined *James*, do you *believe* all the accounts given in them, of good and naughty children, to be true in *real earneſt?* Becauſe if they are only *make-believe* ſtories, how can they be of any ſervice, or teach us any thing? I like to read them, becauſe I think they are very entertaining; but I think they would teach me a great deal better if they were true.

THEN, replied Mr. *Goodwin*, you may *fancy* they are true; and I am ſure, for ought I know to the contrary, they really may be ſo.

WHAT! ſaid *James*, do you think that *peg-tops*, and *pincuſhions*, and *mice*, can talk? or that there ever were ſuch things as *giants* and *fairies?* And if you do not believe ſuch

things, how can you poſſibly *fancy* they can be true?

I DO not indeed, my boy, believe any of thoſe things you mention; nor do I mean that I would have you fancy them to be true: the little books about *giants* and *fairies* are generally ſuch nonſenſe, that I would not wiſh you to ſpend a moment's time in looking at them; but if good advice is given you even by *them*, I do not ſee why you ſhould not improve by it. All children, *James*, are not ſo fond of reading as you are; and I believe many would never be perſuaded to read at all, if it was not for the ſake of learning pretty ſtories. The authors, therefore, of little books for children, are ſo kind as to give their inſtruction to boys and girls in the moſt diverting manner they can; that they may be both *amuſed* and *improved* at the ſame time.

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If, therefore, for the ſake of entertaining their little readers, they *make believe* that a *mouſe*, a *peg-top*, or any other inanimate thing, or dumb creature, can ſpeak and tell what they have ſeen and heard; though the *mouſe*, or *top*, could *not* in earneſt ſpeak; that is no reaſon that the events they are *made believe* to tell did not really happen; or if they have not exactly, yet things ſo like them have, that we may very well fancy them true; but *this* I aſſure you is true, and you will all through life find it to be ſo; that good children will make good men and women, and will always be happier, and better loved and eſteemed than thoſe who are naughty: — when books give you inſtances of this, you may be certain what they ſay is true; and you ſhould always endeavour to copy thoſe examples which you find to be good, and as carefully ſtrive to avoid every action and word that you read to be wrong: — if, my dear child, you would but mind

mind this one rule when you read, you would ſoon find your little collection of books a moſt valuable one indeed.

NEVER, *James*, be above taking *good* advice, let it be given you by whom or what it will; for be aſſured, a perſon cannot give a clearer proof of folly, than by continuing to perſiſt in an error, becauſe the perſon who reproves them is thought unworthy of attention. — A boy of this temper is never likely to gain much improvement; ſince, probably, the ſame vanity which makes him deſpiſe others, will induce him to ſuppoſe himſelf already ſo perfect as to need no farther acquirements.

I ONCE was acquainted with a young fellow of this caſt, who from his inſufferable pride expoſed himſelf to the ſcorn and deteſtation of every one who knew him; and thus, far from gaining admirers, (as he vainly

thought he deſerved) drew upon himſelf the ridicule of all his acquaintance.

THE boy really was not deficient in *natural* underſtanding, had he been but humble enough to fancy it capable of improvement; inſtead of which, finding his capacity in many reſpects better than ſome of his companions, he fooliſhly imagined himſelf their ſuperior in every thing; and even eſteemed it a kind of affront to his underſtanding, if they at any time differed from, or contradicted him. He had three ſiſters older, and two brothers younger than himſelf; but as he was a *boy*, he thought he had no occaſion to mind his ſiſters, as *girls* he fancied, becauſe unacquainted with *Latin*, could not poſſibly have either learning or ſenſe ſufficient to be able to inſtruct him; and both his brothers being younger, rendered them likewiſe, in his opinion, too much his inferior to afford him any aſſiſtance. If, therefore,

at any time they ventured to adviſe him either to do any thing, or refrain from any improper employment, he would inſtantly rebuke them for their freedom; or if he ſo far conquered himſelf as not to *ſay* much at the moment of their ſpeaking, he nevertheleſs angrily reſented it in his own mind; and was ſure never to alter his conduct, becauſe he was certain he knew what was right as well as they did, and therefore there could be no reaſon why he ſhould attend to thoſe who were not wiſer than himſelf.

I REMEMBER one time at ſchool, his youngeſt brother hearing him aſk ſome of the boys to accompany him in a ſliding party to a particular pond that was froze over, adviſed him not to go; alledging for his reaſon, that the froſt had been but of a very ſhort duration; and moreover, that it had been thawing for ſeveral hours: and he very

juſtly obſerved, that even *thick* ice, when it thawed, was leſs able to ſupport a weight, than much *thinner* would be at the time it was freezing.

THIS piece of *natural philoſophy*, as *Tom* tauntingly called it, he had never heard before; and therefore, as *Will* was younger than himſelf, he thought it very unlikely he ſhould poſſeſs any knowledge with which he was himſelf unacquainted: ſo after rather unkindly chiding him for his inſolence in dictating to him, he ran forward to the pond, accompanied with three or four more of the boys, who, with him, all began their favorite amuſement of ſliding; and on purpoſe to ſhew their utmoſt contempt of *Will*'s wonderful *prudence* and *knowledge*, kept out more upon the middle of the pond than they otherwiſe would have done. But they were rightly puniſhed for their perverſeneſs, by the ice giving way beneath their feet, which the moment

they perceived, the other boys with the utmoſt expedition eſcaped from, but *Tom*, provoked at finding his brother had really been wiſer than himſelf, was too much vexed to acknowledge his error by a retreat, and therefore continued ſliding where he was; inſiſting upon it there was no kind of danger, and that he would ſtay there till the bell rang for dinner. —— Scarcely had he ſaid thoſe words, before the ice on which he was ſtanding really gave way, and he fell into the water, where he was very near being drowned, as the ice became too weak to ſupport any one to go to his aſſiſtance: however, at length two farmers men, at the riſk of their own lives, ventured to preſerve his, and with the utmoſt difficulty brought him to the land, and carried him back to ſchool; for he had been ſo long under water as to have deprived him of his ſenſes, and render him totally incapable of walking. He was inſtantly put into a warm bed, and the apothecary ſent

for, who by the uſe of proper applications brought him to himſelf, and the next day he was well enough to join the reſt of the boys.

WELL, *Tom*, ſaid his brother *William*, will you permit me to inſtruct you in *natural philoſophy* another time? or will you truſt to your number of *years* ſaving you from ſinking? I warrant now, you refuſed to follow my advice, becauſe your *Honor* thought poor *Will* beneath your notice, and little expected to find your own dear carcaſs popped even *beneath* the notice of the ice; but ſo it is that the proud ſhall always be humbled: only remember *Tom*, by way of precaution for another time, that ſome other boy in the ſchool may perchance underſtand *natural philoſophy* as well as thyſelf, even though he ſhould happen to want three years of being as old.

THIS ſpeech of his brother's ſadly diſconcerted poor *Tom*; he felt the truth of it too much to be able to deny the charge, and yet his native pride of heart kept him from confeſſing his error, or even ſo much as intending to rectify it another time: on the contrary, he only walked about the play-yard, ſeeking for arguments to juſtify in his own mind, the fooliſh conduct he had been guilty of.

I AM ſo *vexed*, ſaid he, that the ice broke, it will make *Will* think that he knows ſo much better than I do; and it is hard indeed if I have not as much wit as he has: I ſhould never think of minding what a boy ſo much younger ſays to me, for how ſhould he know better than I do? I do not believe the ice broke at all becauſe the weather thawed; I dare ſay it would have done juſt the ſame if it had froze; for I never heard of it's doing ſo before, and I am ſure *Will* knows nothing of the matter.

In this fooliſh manner did he harden himſelf againſt inſtruction, if at any time it was given him by thoſe whoſe judgment he ſuppoſed inferior to his own. One day, upon his being ſadly diſcompoſed, becauſe his brothers were permitted to eat ſome gooſeberry-fool, and he was forbid it upon account of a diſorder in his bowels he was much troubled with, his father bid him read this ſtory out of a little book bound in a gilt cover.

"Some years ago there lived a hen which could talk, and what is very remarkable, all the chickens which ſhe hatched could talk likewiſe. It happened one time, that by miſtake her miſtreſs ſet her upon ducks and hens eggs together, ſo when ſhe hatched ſhe had a mixed brood of little ducks and chickens, and like every wiſe parent, took equal care of them all; though to be ſure ſhe thought the ducks not half ſo pretty as the little chickens; however, ſhe ſhewed not the

leaſt partiality to either, and with the ſame affection ſcratched for food, and cheriſhed them all; the little ducks and chickens ran about together, and loved one another as well as if they had been all ducks, or all chickens. It chanced one day that the hen and all her brood were ſhut out of the yard where they always lived, into a field in which there was a large pond. The hen went ſcratching, and ſcratching, and looking about for worms and food, giving firſt a mouthful to one, and then to another, till they came cloſe to the ſide of the water; which the ducks no ſooner ſaw than they all at once ran to it, and in they plunged, ſwimming about moſt delightfully, obſerving at the ſame time to each other, (for the hen had likewiſe taught *them* to talk) how charming pleaſant it was, and that they had never ſo enjoyed themſelves, from the firſt moment they were hatched. If it is ſo pleaſant, ſaid the chickens, we will come in too; for you look indeed to be very hap-

py, and away they were all running; but the hen inſtantly called them back, telling them at the ſame time, that it would certainly kill them if they went, as they did not know how to ſwim.

O! SAID they, little brother ducks ſwim, and they never were in the water before; I am ſure we can do as well as they.

INDEED, my dears, replied the hen, you are much miſtaken, for you cannot. Brother ducks know how to ſwim, it agrees with them, and will do them good, but it will kill you, and therefore I beg you will come away from the edge of the pond; for if your little feet ſhould happen to ſlip, and you ſhould fall in, you will certainly be drowned, and never ſee poor mother any more.

POUGH! replied one of the ſaucy chicks, pray why ſhould we be drowned any more

than duckeys? we ſee how they run upon the top of the water, and we could do the ſame; and if it is good for them it muſt be good for us.

It is no ſuch thing, anſwered the hen, it will kill you I tell you; beſides the ducks do not *run* upon the *top* of the water, they *ſwim*, and you cannot do that.

Why can't we? enquired the chickens, we are as old as duckeys, are we not?

That is nothing to the purpoſe, ſaid the hen, though you are as old, they underſtand ſwimming much better than you; every body cannot do exactly the ſame things; — one perſon may happen to underſtand one thing better, and another, another. Your brother ducks can ſwim in water beſt, and you can run upon the ground faſteſt, and ſcratch upon the dunghill, and amongſt the graſs, better

than they can. Do pray, therefore, be perſuaded, and come away from the pond, for I tell you it will kill you.

I CANNOT think why if our brothers go in the water we may not too, ſaid the chickens. And ſo they all jumped in; but no ſooner did they feel the water, than they moſt heartily repented of their diſobedience, for they found, too late, that they could not ſwim, neither could they get to land again: ſo after ſtruggling about in the greateſt diſtreſs that can be imagined for ſome time, at laſt they were all drowned."

AND now, ſaid Mr. *Saytree* (for that was his father's name) do you, my dear, take warning by this little ſtory, and don't fooliſhly, like the chickens, ſuppoſe, becauſe the gooſeberry-fool agrees with your brothers, it therefore muſt do ſo with you; leſt, like them you ſhould, when it is too late, repent of not at-

tending to the advice of your parents, as the chickens did of not minding the old hen.

WHAT nonſenſe! replied *Tom*, how can that ridiculous ſtory teach me any thing? for no ſuch thing ever happened, chickens and ducks never could talk, how then can that fooliſh fable inſtruct me?

IT may, returned Mr. *Saytree*, give you very good inſtruction if you will pleaſe to attend to it; for though to be ſure hens and ducks never talked, or reaſoned in the manner deſcribed in the fable, ſtill it is meant to ſhew, that children who fancy they know as well as their parents, and therefore will not follow their kind advice, will be ſure to ſuffer for their obſtinacy if they perſiſt in their own way. And as it is impoſſible for the author of any book, to know exactly *all* the different occaſions upon which different children may be naughty, and diſobey their

parent, this hiſtory, or fable, is wrote ſo as to ſuit them all; by ſhewing in the ſad fate of the chickens, the conſequence that follows not minding the advice of parents; but ſuppoſing what *they* ſay of no importance: whereas, in reality, whether children are wiſe enough to ſee it, or like the chickens, not underſtand *why* they ſhould be denied what they wiſh for, ſtill it is very certain they ought to be obeyed; and thoſe who obſtinately will follow their own way, may depend upon it, like the chickens, they will have cauſe to repent.

Just as Mr. *Saytree* had ſaid this he was called out of the room, and *Tom*, who notwithſtanding his father's advice, thought it ſhewed a want of *ſenſe*, and true *ſpirit*, to improve by advice given him in a ſtory that was not *true*, determined not to mind it, and therefore employed all the time of his papa's abſence in eating moſt greedily of the gooſe-

berry-fool, although his brothers tried all in their power to diſſuade him from doing ſo. But he was too *wiſe* in his *own* opinion, to pay any attention to what they ſaid, though to be ſure the arguments they made uſe of, ſhewed much more *true* wiſdom than his reaſoning or conduct diſcovered.

WHY, *Tom*, ſaid his brother *Sam*, how can you behave ſo? You know very well the laſt time you eat gooſeberry-fool you was ſo ill all the night after it, and the next day, that you did not know how to bear the pain you was in; and Dr. *Freeman* ordered you not to eat any more: but beſide all that, if the pain was nothing, has not my father deſired you *not* to eat any? why will you then be ſo naughty? you will certainly, as he told you, be like the chickens, and when your ſtomach aches, wiſh you had minded him before.

PSHAW! replied *Tom* in an angry voice, how I *hate* to hear you talk ſuch nonſenſe! Do you think I care for the chickens? do you think my father can perſuade me to believe that *ducks* and *old hens* can talk? No! no, I am not to be caught in that manner; let him go *talk* to the *ducks* if he pleaſes, and thinks they can underſtand him. I know better things, and know too, that he only told me that fable, to try to make me afraid of eating this gooſeberry-fool; but I muſt be worſe than a *fool* myſelf, if I paid any regard to ſuch nonſenſe as that; and I eat it as much as any thing for the ſake of ſhewing, that I ſhall not mind what *fables* and *ſtories* ſay.

AND do you flatter yourſelf, anſwered *Sam*, that by ſo doing you give any proof of *not* being a *fool?* If you think you do, you are wonderfully miſtaken; for I never heard that it was a ſign of *wiſdom* to refuſe to receive inſtruction from any thing that could give

it: on the contrary I have heard that

" From things the moſt *minute* and *mean*,
" A virtuous mind may morals glean:

but never did I hear that it was a proof either of *ſenſe* or *virtue* to do what was *wrong*, becauſe you diſlike the manner by which you was taught what was *right*. *Fie* upon it *Tom! fie* upon it! I thought you had more ſenſe than to act ſo ridiculouſly.

Pray do not talk of being *ridiculous*, ſaid *Tom*, for I am ſure nothing can be more *ridiculous* than to pretend that *ducks* and *chickens* can *reaſon* and *converſe* together. if you chuſe to attend to ſuch pretty tales as that, you need not call any thing that I do *ridiculous*, for nothing can be more ſo than ſuch nonſenſe.

If the *word* offends you, replied *Sam*, I

am ſorry for it; but I muſt again repeat, that you behave and argue moſt *ridiculouſly* indeed. If my father had wanted to make you think that the chickens *really talked*, I ſhould not wonder at your calling it *nonſenſe*; but ſurely it is no *nonſenſe* to ſay, that children, by diſobeying their parents, run into dangers, and repent of it afterwards, (as you will do by-and-by when your belly aches) and that was the leſſon the fable was meant to teach us; and I really think a very pretty little ſtory it was: and we ſhall be much more likely to remember the bad effects of not minding our friends, when we think of the chickens, than if my papa had only told us in plain words, that we ſhould be in danger of ſuffering for our folly if we did not obey our parents. And this is the reaſon, *Tom*, that fables have always been reckoned a very good method of conveying inſtruction, not only to us children, but alſo to men and women.

You know the ſtory of the dog in the manger, *Tom*, do you not? every body does, ſo I think you muſt. And do not you think that one little *fooliſh* fable, as you perhaps call it, has made many a perſon be aſhamed of doing an ill-natured action, which, had it not been for that ſtory, they would have committed without thinking? And yet no body I fancy is ſimple enough to believe, that either the *dog* or the *ox* ever ſpoke a word in all their lives, except *bow-wow*, and *moo!* So pray, my dear brother, do not be ſo *over* wiſe as to ſhew yourſelf a *fool*, by refuſing to take the advice even of a little waddling duck, if what it quacks has got real ſenſe in it; for if you are, you will be in the ſtate of the blind horſe, who refuſed to take the advice of the lame cur, and will certainly get yourſelf laughed at and deſpiſed juſt as he did.

I AM ſure, ſaid *Tom*, you *quack* a great

deal of nonſenſe; but I do not know what *blind* horſe you mean.

THEN I will tell you, replied *Sam*, if you will not be offended at the poor beaſt's preſuming to *talk*; for you muſt know that my *horſe* and *cur* ſpeak juſt as good grammar as my father's ducks and chickens.

YOU muſt know then, Sir, that once upon a time there lived a fine gentleman, and he, like many other fine gentlemen, kept a great many fine horſes; amongſt which, one on whoſe back he took moſt delight to ride, was a cream coloured nag, with white mane and tail, and his name was *Queſtebus*. It happened one day as this beloved beaſt was bounding along with his uſual activity, proudly carrying his maſter through a thicket, a branch of one of the trees by which he paſſed, gave him a moſt violent ſtroke in his eye, and made him turn ſhort round,

at the ſame time he groaned moſt diſmally at the anguiſh of his eye. *Queſtebus*, ſaid his maſter, my dear *Queſtebus*, what is the matter? How comes it that thou, who at all times art ſo perfectly obedient to the rein, ſhould now on a ſudden turn ſo ſhort round as well nigh to diſmount me from thy back? and not only thus uncommonly turn round, but alſo utter ſuch diſmal groans from the very bottom of thy heart? — Alas! maſter, replied the noble beaſt, did you not obſerve that bough of the tree which ſtruck me in my eye, and has, I believe, cut it out? I aſk your pardon for ſo abruptly ſtarting round, but the violence of the pain made me, for the moment, forget even who I had the honor to carry on my back.

Do prithee, *Sam*, ſaid *Tom* haſtily, come rather quicker to the *moral* of your fable, if there is any, for I am out of all patience

at hearing you talk ſuch nonſenſe for the horſe.

NAY, now, reſumed *Sam*, did not I before I began, beg you would allow my beaſts the liberty of talking without being affronted at them? and if you will not let me tell you what the horſe ſaid, there is an end of my hiſtory, ſo ſhall I proceed or not?

AYE, you may go on if you will, ſaid *Tom*.

WELL then! replied *Sam*, as I was telling you, the horſe made grievous lamentations about his eye, and his maſter kindly diſmounted to examine the wound, which he found was far beyond his ſkill to cure; ſo he returned back, and ſent for the farrier to attend him immediately. Accordingly the doctor came, and applied ſome *hiccius-doccius*

to the wounded eye; which in the courſe of about a fortnight, inſtead of reſtoring it to ſight, put the other out likewiſe; and poor *Queſtebus* was as blind as any mill-horſe in the kingdom. This, you may be ſure, was a terrible misfortune to him, and ſcarce a leſs one to his maſter; for *Queſtebus* was ſo full of ſpirit, at the ſame time ſo gentle, ſo true in all his paces, ſo beautiful in his make, pricked his ears ſo delightfully, carried his head ſo gracefully, and cocked his tail ſo handſomely, that, in ſhort, of the whole ſtud, *Queſtebus* was his maſter's favorite. But in ſpite of all theſe qualifications, the loſs of his eyes was *ſuch* a loſs, that his maſter could no longer think of riding him, and therefore ordered him to be ſold. But before he parted with him, he went into the ſtable to take leave of his old favorite, and patting his neck, (forgetting that the horſe would underſtand him) thus addreſſed him. Farewell, my honeſt fellow! I am ſorry to

part with thee, for I ſhall never get ſuch another to ſuit me ſo well as thou haſt done! but I cannot ride a blind horſe! yet it is a thouſand pities thi. noble well-turned creature ſhould be forced to ſpend the reſt of his life in a mill or a dung-cart; or what is even far worſe, in a poſt-chaiſe or a ſtage-coach; and yet ſuch muſt be thy fate, poor beaſt!

WHAT is that I hear? interrupted *Queſtebus*. Is it poſſible that my maſter can thus ungratefully repay the faithful labor of his honeſt ſervants, who in his buſineſs have loſt their health, their limbs, or eyes? Alas! alas! this is an affliction I little expected. I thought I ſhould at leaſt be permitted to live in quiet, and even merit my food by the good advice I could give to others; but to be thus degraded, thus ſold to drudgery, is what I little expected, and can as little bear. No! the high blood that runs through

theſe veins, the noble ſpirit that once ſhewed itſelf in theſe now ſightleſs eye-balls, forbids me to ſurvive ſuch ſervile treatment. And know, cruel maſter, the firſt ſtroke my poliſhed ſides receive from the reſounding laſh of an unfeeling poſt-boy ſhall break my heart; for I can die, but never will drudge.

THIS fine ſpeech ſo moved the heart of his maſter, that he could no longer bear the thought of parting with him; but patting him again, he ſaid, Thou art a noble beaſt, *Queſtebus*, and haſt indeed behaved much better than I have; but ſet thy heart at reſt, thou ſhalt not be made a *drudge*; no, thou ſhalt live in peace, for in truth thou well deſerveſt it; for never was there a horſe of better ſpirit, or more worthy of regard. Come then, honeſt fellow, ſaid he, (taking off the halter, and turning him round) I myſelf will lead thee to the paddock, where thou ſhalt paſs the remnant of thy days

in all the pleaſures a blind horſe can know. So ſaying, he led him out of the ſtable, and again ſtroaking and patting him, as if anxious to make amends for his paſt affront, turned him into the paddock, with loud encomiums on his elegance of ſymmetry, and the eaſe of all his paces.

Queſtebus, you may believe, was not a little pleaſed to find this happy change in his future deſtination, and ſnorting loudly, he galloped about highly delighted, forgetting almoſt, in his preſent rapture, the dreadful misfortune of his blindneſs. However, highly puffed up with his maſter's commendations of him, he determined to make himſelf as happy as he could; and felt no ſmall pleaſure at the thought that every beholder muſt admire his beautiful make, although he could not have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them.

Well! to make ſhort of my ſtory, (and

come to the part of it that reſembles you, *Tom)* he lived in this eaſy manner in the paddock for two or three years; when the fancy took his maſter to drain off the water from the place it had always been in to another ſpot, and as *Queſtebus* had ſo long maintained himſelf without any particular care, (having learned where the water was before he loſt his eyes) no body thought of leading him to the new canal, and ſo he daily went to the place he had been accuſtomed to drink, where he was often pelted with ſtones by the labourers who were employed in filling it up; which a little good-natured dog obſerving, who was laying to watch one of the labourer's clothes, kindly offered to ſhew him the right path to the water. Mr. *Horſe*, ſaid he, I ſee you have the misfortune to be blind, and therefore do not perceive that the water is turned from the courſe it uſed to take into another direction: if you pleaſe, I will lead you the way to it, for you are now quite

wrong; and if you go farther that road, you will get into the looſe dirt, with which the old canal is filling up.

WHAT! replied the horſe, do you think, you little ſnapping cur, that I ſhall be directed by ſuch an inſignificant beaſt as *you* are? Look at my ſize, obſerve my make, conſider my ſtrength and ſwiftneſs, and then ſay, whether you can think it proper for a horſe of my ſpirit to be directed by ſuch a mean cur as you?

SIR! anſwered the little dog, I meant no offence; I only intended to caution you for your good, becauſe as you are blind you cannot know your danger: and it was but yeſterday I ſaw a goat ſmothered in this very place, becauſe he perſiſted in coming to drink as you may now do, and would not be perſuaded of his danger, though a little frog told him he had better not attempt it.

SIRRAH, ſaid the horſe, talk no more to me of *goats* or *frogs*, do not think I ſhall attend to ſuch reptiles of the earth; for how can they pretend to teach *me?* I ſhall not therefore attend to them or you either. So ſaying he ſet up a full gallop, to *ſhew* that he would not *attend* to what ſuch fooliſh things as *goats*, *frogs*, and *dogs* ſaid. And in he plunged to the mire and dirt, whilſt all the men at work, and all the horſes and cows grazing near him, could not help laughing to ſee how rightly he was ſerved, for his *pride*, *obſtinacy*, and *folly*, even the little dog could not forbear ſaying, I do not know what you think of the matter, Mr. Horſe; but I had rather be a Cur here, than a fine Horſe of *ſpirit* up to my noſtrils in the mire; and contemptable as you thought my advice, methinks it had been better for you if you would have followed it.

Queſtebus was vexed to the heart at finding

himſelf the deriſion of all who beheld him, and not a little provoked at his own pride and *wiſdom*, as he called it, that had made him *above* taking warning by the fate of the goat, or following the kind advice of the little dog. At length, however, by the aſſiſtance of ropes, but not without receiving many blows, the men got him out, but it was in a ſad dirty, diſgraced, and foundered condition, nor did he ever perfectly recover his lameneſs; but to the hour of his death had cauſe to repent his folly.

And now, my dear brother *Tom*, doſt not think that thou art likely ſoon to reſemble poor *Queſtebus?* or canſt thou wonder that thy behaviour brought this ſtory to my head, which my grandmother told me laſt holidays, and I am ſure I have thought of it many a time ſince: aye, and I am not aſhamed to ſay, that it has, I verily believe, frequently kept me out of miſchief I have

been going about, if any body has adviſed me not, and made me follow their advice which otherwiſe perhaps I might not: for, thought I, I ſhall perhaps be like my grandmother's *Queſtebus* if I do not, I will therefore keep on the ſafe ſide of the hedge. And let me tell you *Tom*, if you would be humble enough to take a hint from him too, it might perchance in the end be the means of exalting you.

HERE their converſation was broken off by their being ſummoned to attend ſome company in the drawing room. *Tom*, though in his heart he could not help being convinced by his brother's arguments, yet was of too haughty a diſpoſition ever to own he had been in an error: he therefore endeavoured to ſtrengthen his mind as much as poſſible, by ſeeking for reaſons to juſtify his conduct. But it was not many hours before he began to *feel*, by the pain in his ſtomach,

the ſad conſequence of diſobeying his father. I wiſh, ſaid he to himſelf, that I had not eat any of the *naſty* gooſeberry-fool: no more I ſhould, if it had not been for that fooliſh ſtory of the chickens; but I do not chuſe to be taught by a *chicken* neither.

Another time, when he was playing about, neglecting to learn a *Latin* exerciſe which his father had given him, one of his ſiſters, upon finding he had not looked at it, told him, ſhe thought he had much better learn his leſſon firſt, and play afterwards; as he would then be prepared for his father let him call him at whatever time he pleaſed. But inſtead of taking her advice, he only ſaucily abuſed her for her ignorance.

Do *you*, ſaid he, pretend to teach *me* what to do? and when is the proper time to learn my exerciſe? you who never learned a word of *Latin* in your life! I wonder how you

ſhould be able to inſtruct *me* what I am to do! *I*, who am the head boy in the claſs!

I DO not, replied his ſiſter, pretend to inſtruct you *what* you are to do, I only gave my advice *when* it had better be done; and ſurely it requires neither knowledge in *Latin* or *Greek* to know, that if you have buſineſs to do, you had better ſet about it before you go to play; eſpecially, as your father will certainly be diſpleaſed, if, when he comes home, you can not ſay what he ſet you; for I am ſure I heard him tell you, he ſhould expect to find you, upon his return, quite perfect. I therefore again repeat, judging by the rules of common *Engliſh* ſenſe, although ignorant of *Latin*, that you had better not go to play till you have learned your taſk.

I DO not call it a *taſk*, ſaid he, you talk juſt like a *girl*.

It would be ſtrange if I did not, anſwered his ſiſter; but you know what I mean, preſume, your *exerciſe*, or your *conſtruing*, or whatever you pleaſe to call it; what your father ordered you to do before he came back, call it by what name you pleaſe.

Ah! ſaid he, I thought how well you underſtood what you was talking about. I do admire *girls* pretending to adviſe upon ſubjects they are as totally ignorant of as this whip (giving a ſmack at the ſame time with one he held in his hand.) So, go Miſs, go to your *ſtitching*, and *ſew your caps*, but do not pretend to inſtruct me what I underſtand much better than yourſelf: but I dare ſay you learn that of your Mamma, for it was but yeſterday I heard her pretending to hear *Will ſay* his *taſk*, as you call it.—O! I do love *women* giving themſelves ſuch *airs!*——

Just as he repeated these last words, Mr. *Saytree* entered the room. What was that? what was that? enquired he, you was saying in so contemptuous a manner about *women?* Pray, *Tom*, don't let me hear any thing more of that sort I beg of you, or you will give me but a poor opinion of your understanding, since *fools* and *coxcombs* alone are the persons who despise the fair sex.

I do not *despise* them, Sir, replied *Tom*, if they keep in their *proper* places, and attend to their *own* business; but for my sister *Mary* here, to pretend to dictate to me about my *Latin*, and for my mamma to pretend to hear us our exercises, I *do* say is *taking* more *upon* them than is proper, or than at all *belongs* to them.—I suppose they would think it very impertinent, if I was to tell them how to *stitch*; or if you was to attempt to teach my sisters how to sew their aprons; and I

think you might juſt as well do that, as for them to interfere with our books.

WHY, *Tom*, replied Mr. *Saytree*, ſhaking his head at him, I am ſorry to ſay your arguments prove you to be a *very ſilly* fellow. However you may value yourſelf for underſtanding a little more *Latin* than your ſiſters, certain it is, no man can ſhine as a *gentleman*, or a *ſcholar*, without a thorough acquaintance of that and other languages; but doſt think, my boy, that a knowledge of *Latin* and *Greek* can ſupply or ſupercede *good ſenſe?* or do you imagine your company or converſation will ever be valued, if you neglect to cultivate your *underſtanding*, and improve your *temper*, becauſe you can read and conſtrue the dead languages? Believe me, *Tom*, ſuch learning, *unaccompanied* with *good ſenſe* and *good humour*, will never gain you one friend, or even one admirer: on the contrary, it may cauſe you

many enemies, and draw on you the contempt of all who know you: for there cannot be a more ridiculous character, than that of a man who proudly values himſelf upon his *learning*, without *ſenſe* or *diſcretion* to guide him to make a proper uſe of it: and however *you* may think of it, I can aſſure you, that a *woman* of good underſtanding, and good temper, though *totally* ignorant of *Latin* and *Greek*, will ſhine much *ſuperior*, and be much *better reſpected* by all ſenſible men, than a mere ſcholar, who has nothing elſe to boaſt than a grammatical knowledge of the languages, owing perhaps to being bleſſed with a good *memory*, and no one good quality beſide.—I do not ſay this to make you think your learning of no conſequence; for on the contrary, as I told you juſt now, you can never appear as a gentleman without it: but then, though I would wiſh you *highly* to value every improvement of the *head*, I would have you at the ſame

time conſider, that the improvements of the *heart* are ſtill *more important:* it is poſſible for a perſon to be an uſeful and very valuable member of ſociety without much learning: but he muſt be a peſt to the community who has not a good heart. And the greater a perſon's abilities are, and the more conſpicuous he ſhines as a ſcholar, or a man of courage, ſo much the clearer is ſeen every defect in his *moral* character: and let his accompliſhments be what they will, unleſs he has a ſtrict regard to his *morals,* (that is, his virtues) at the ſame time, all his other qualifications only ſerve to render him more glaringly *contemptible* in the eyes of all men of true ſenſe. — Carefully, therefore, cultivate every virtue and good diſpoſition of the heart, at the ſame time that you loſe no opportunity to improve in your ſcholaſtic learning. — Now, my dear boy, is the ſeaſon for you to ſow the ſeed of that knowledge which ſhall yield you its increaſe

through every future period of your life; and if you neglect the preſent opportunity, you may depend upon it, it will be loſt for ever. You have but a few years more to continue at ſchool before you will be called to engage in the more buſy employments of life; and then you will have no time to gain that learning, which unleſs poſſeſſed of, you will find yourſelf very unfit for the converſation of gentlemen as long as you live; and will miſerably deplore, when it is too late, the want of what it will then be impoſſible to acquire.

YOUNG people, I know, are mightily apt to reſt ſatisfied under any deficiencies they may experience, with the flattering hopes, that when grown up they ſhall poſſeſs them as *well* as *others*; without conſidering, that unleſs *others* had taken due pains to acquire them, they would ever have remained in ignorance. No accompliſhment is gained with-

out pains; and if you find yourſelf in any particular branch of your learning a dunce to-day, you may be very confident that neither to-morrow, or to-morrow *ten years*, will you be any forwarder in it, unleſs you exert yourſelf diligently to get the maſtery of whatever you find troubleſome and difficult; for no length of *time*, unleſs duly improved by *induſtry* and *pains*, will add to our learning; and it is the height of folly to expect it: though the *hopes* of it, to my knowledge I can ſay, has been the cauſe of thouſands remaining blockheads to this hour, who, could they have been perſuaded to exert themſelves, might have made very reſpectabl characters in the world.

HERE Mr. *Saytree* was interrupted, by being called to a gentleman who wanted to ſpeak with him about buſineſs; and *Tom*, inſtead of conſidering, and endeavouring to *improve* by the converſation of his father

only ſurlily began again to reproach his ſiſter, for having been the occaſion of drawing on him ſo long a *lecture*, as he called it.

I HOPE Miſs, now, ſaid he, that you are contented! all this is owing to your abominable *officiouſneſs* in dictating to me in things which no ways concerned you; another time I beg you will permit me to do as I pleaſe, and allow me to be the propereſt judge of thoſe *things* I have to do without any of your direction.

BLESS my heart! replied *Mary*, what an intolerable grumbling you do make; I really did not intend to offend your *Worſhip!* — I ſaid *then*, and I ſay it *again*, that you had better finiſh your buſineſs before you either [illegible]y, or waſte your time in ſcolding at [illegible]: and as for being ſo angry at what my father ſaid, I really think you might be obliged to me for procuring you ſo good a

lecture, as you call it; for I am ſure it was a very juſt one, and it is your own fault if you don't profit by it.

O! YOU very likely might be pleaſed with it, anſwered *Tom*, and think it prodigiouſly clever; but I aſſure you *I* did not: and let my father ſay what he will, I will *inſiſt* upon it, *women* have no buſineſs to trouble their heads about our *Latin*.

WHAT a *fuſs* is here with your *Latin!* replied *Mary* ſmiling, I declare you are enough to make one ſick with the ſound of it; and if all people were to make the ſame, and no *better* uſe of it than you do, I ſhould wiſh every *Latin* book had ſhared the ſame fate with thoſe of the *Sibyls*. — There, *Tom!* you find I can quote antient hiſtory, although I don't underſtand your *Latin*, which you ſeem to think the *ſummum bonum* of all perfection; and there is a *Latin* word for you into the

bargain; ſo now I hope you will allow me to be worthy of ſome notice!

INDEED I don't think you are! ſaid *Tom*, with a contemptuous air, and juſt then entered *Sam* and *Will*.

MY dear brothers! cried *Mary*, I am ſo glad to ſee you both you can't imagine; for here is *Tom* declaring me undeſerving of notice becauſe I am a *girl*, and do not underſtand *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*, and I know not what beſide.

Tom generally argues, replied *Sam*, in an uncommon manner; but for all I am younger than him, I will venture to pronounce, (and let who ever lives to ſee it, remember my words) that unleſs he alters his manners, and *condeſcends* to get a little more of the *common* ſenſe of the *common* folk he deſpiſes, he will, with all his ſuperior wiſdom and

learning, be looked upon as a *fool*, be deſpiſed by every one, and be a moſt miſerable unhappy man?

I WILL not put up with your inſolence, Sir! I aſſure you, Sir! (ſaid *Tom* in an angry voice, ſtripping off his cloaths to fight, and going in a menacing manner to his brother) Come, Sir, ſtrip! ſtrip this moment, I ſay, if you are not with all your boaſting *afraid* of me, and too much of a *coward* to fight!

NOT I truely, replied *Sam*, I have too much ſpirit to engage in cool blood with a fellow in ſuch a paſſion as you are! beſides, *Tom*, I am not *above* taking the advice of my father; and if you recollect, he has often moſt ſtrongly inforced the abſolute neceſſity of *forbearance*, and *moderation*, and *forgiveneſs*, and of *brotherly love*, if we would either paſs through life with any tolerable peace,

or act as *good men* and *Chriſtians* ought to act. So put on your coat again, *Tom*, put on your coat, unleſs indeed you chuſe to go without for the ſake of *airing* yourſelf; for call it *cowardice*, or what elſe you pleaſe, I tell you poſitively I *will not* fight with you: and thus *quietly* to ſtand your provoking menaces, is, in my opinion, no ſmall proof of true *courage*, inſtead of *cowardice*, whatever you may think of the matter.

Tom then, after making uſe of moſt abuſive language, ſcarcely knowing what he ſaid in the violence of his rage, took his cloaths up in his hand, and bounced out of the room; at the door of which he met his father, who ſeeing by his countenance how much he was agitated, enquired what was the matter.

Tom anſwered, O! *Sam* may tell you the ſtory his *own way*: I do not care what he

ſays, I only know he is a daſtardly cur.—And without ſtaying for his father's reply, ran down ſtairs, muttering to himſelf all the way he went.

Mr. *Saytree* then entering the apartment where were his two younger ſons, and his daughter *Mary*, enquired what had been the cauſe of this diſagreement with their brother.

Sam honeſtly told him the whole that had paſſed, not in the ſmalleſt degree palliating his own ſpeech that firſt provoked him.

You are an honeſt boy! ſaid Mr. *Saytree*, patting his head, and it gives me inexpreſſible pleaſure to find you pay ſuch regard to my advice: for believe me, *Sam*, the only motive I can poſſibly have in giving it, is for *your* ſakes, and to promote your *temporal* as well as *eternal* happineſs. And ſorry

am I to ſay, that *Tom* does not pay the attention to what is told him which I could wiſh. Inſtead of endeavouring to improve by the admonitions of his friends, he always ſeems to think it an *affront* offered to his underſtanding, as if their advice was intended as an *inſult* to him, and therefore *obſtinately* determines not to alter his conduct, leſt that ſhould be a ſign that he was before in an error. But what can be more ridiculous than this? For a child to be *miſtaken* about thoſe ſubjects with which he is unacquainted is no *fault*; it may be a proof he has had but little *experience*, but is no mark that his *underſtanding* is any way defective. Whereas, to perſiſt in an error, after being warned of the bad conſequences of it, by thoſe whoſe age has gained them more wiſdom and experience, is certainly a proof of the greateſt *folly* that can be imagined, and ſuch as no boy of real ſenſe would be guilty of. For can it be ſuppoſed that pa-

rents who ſo kindly dedicate their time and fortune to the good of their children, would ever wiſh them to do what is not for their real intereſt and advantage.

I DO not ſay, that there are not ſome wicked parents in the world, who neglect and diſregard their offspring; but I believe very few who do not beſtow much care and ſolicitude upon them: at leaſt I am ſure I know not of any ſuch. I do not, my dear children, by any means wiſh you to think that *yours* are the *only* good ones in the world; I pretend to no extraordinary merit; your mother and I at all times act as we think is beſt, and ſo no doubt do all other parents, unleſs they are very wicked people indeed; of which I truſt there are but few to be found. Do but reflect, my dears, how conſtantly we are employed for your ſakes; only think, from the moment you were born, how much care your feeble natures require to preſerve them alive.

You boys may perhaps laugh at me for talking to you about ſuch ſubjects; but indeed you can form no idea of the great ſolicitude and fatigue that is requiſite to nurſe a little helpleſs baby. You know not the numberleſs painful hours your mother has ſuffered upon your accounts, nor how frequently ſhe has denied herſelf every amuſement, for the ſake of watching and attending you, before you were old enough to feel the ſmalleſt degree of affection for her in return. And ſay, my dears, does ſuch tenderneſs merit *no* requital? Ought not that breaſt which nouriſhed you in your infancy, that hand which ſupported you before your little limbs were ſtrong enough to ſuſtain their own weight, — ought they not, I aſk, to meet with love and attention from you, and be allowed to direct you *ſtill*, although you do not ſo *momently* ſtand in danger of loſing your life without them? But though perhaps your *life* may be ſafer than it was

in your months of infancy, ſtill, what is of infinitely more importance, your *virtue* (that upon which your *immortal* life depends) is in far greater danger; and requires as much the *direction* of your parents now to keep it from falling, as before your bodies needed their arms to defend them from every accident. And not leſs folly would it be in an infant (ſuppoſing it capable of reſiſting) to refuſe the care of its nurſe and mother to cheriſh and attend it, than it does in young people of your age, to neglect the advice of thoſe older friends, whoſe regard to them they may be certain is the only reaſon of their troubling themſelves to give it.

As I ſaid juſt now, I do not wiſh to make any boaſt of my own merits; but do you think, my dears, if it was not for your ſakes that I ſhould have any occaſion to ſpend ſo large a ſhare of my time in buſineſs? No! believe me, it is intirely that I may be able

to provide for you comfortably in life, and afford to give you all good educations, that I ſpend my days in the manner I do: or elſe, I promiſe you, I ſhould think it much more *agreeable* to dedicate a far larger portion of my time in reading, travelling, and viſiting many of my diſtant friends, whom now I cannot afford time to ſee; leſt by ſo doing, I ſhould loſe ſome opportunity of acquiring a little addition to my fortune; which, was it not for *your* ſakes, I ſhould think amply ſufficient already. Your mother too has friends whom ſhe wiſhes to ſee, and who earneſtly importune her company: and what do you think prevents her giving herſelf and them ſo high a ſatisfaction? Nothing, I aſſure you, but her regard for *you*, and her conſtant attention to the improvement of her girls, for whoſe ſake ſhe cheerfully ſacrifices every pleaſure ſhe moſt earneſtly wiſhes to enjoy. How therefore *Tom* can allow himſelf to ſuppoſe that we would ever deny him

any thing he wiſhed, unleſs we ſaw it would be hurtful to him, I cannot imagine. However, I can promiſe him, he is much miſtaken in thinking we ever contradict his inclinations but at ſuch times as it is neceſſary for his future good; and if ever he lives to be a man, he will ſee the truth of what I now ſay; nor will his ſilly conduct, (when perhaps it will be too late to mend it) cauſe him leſs uneaſineſs, than at preſent it does his mother and myſelf.—

PAPA, Sir, interrupted *Sam*, how do you mean it may be *too late* to mend his conduct? I thought it never was too *late* to mend.

You are much miſtaken, my dear, replyed Mr. *Saytree*. When people are convinced of their errors, let it be at what time of life it may, they certainly can do nothing better than reform them; and if they *will* do that, they ſhew a great proof of their *reſolu-*

tion, as well as *wiſdom*. But the misfortune is, when habits have been long continued in, they grow ſo much a part of our nature, that it is *very ſeldom*, if *ever*, they are laid aſide; and if a perſon have allowed his paſſions to get a head, and ſuffered his temper to be fretful and choloric for ſome years, there is very little chance he ſhould ever conquer the one, or render the other obliging. The perſon who when a child diſobeys his *parents*, gives but too much reaſon to conclude, that when farther advanced in life, he will diſobey his *God* likewiſe; ſince the ſame perverſeneſs of diſpoſition which renders him froward, and diſreſpectful in youth, will alſo make him proud and irreverent when a man. And truſt me, my boys, yes, truſt the words of your fond father, there never, ſince the world began, has exiſted a *wicked*, *happy* man. All *ſin* is of ſo odious a nature, that it as neceſſarily renders the breaſt which harbours it a ſtranger to felicity, as

the ſetting of the ſun involves us in the ſhades of darkneſs. This is a truth, my dears, which I dare ſay you hear often denied, and laughed at, by the boys at ſchool; but it is nevertheleſs a moſt *important* truth, and one you cannot too deeply engrave upon your memories; ſince it may be the means of ſecuring to you that happineſs to the end of your days, which you can never taſte without it. I do not ſay that *bad boys*, as well as *wicked men*, may not *laugh*, and ſometimes be *merry*; nay, they may, even when engaged in their diverſions, fancy themſelves as happy as they can wiſh. But no ſooner is their amuſement over, than they begin again to feel in their *hearts* (however they may deny it with their tongues) that reſtleſs uneaſineſs which is conſtantly attendant upon a ſenſe of guilt, and which moſt fully confirms the juſt obſervation of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, "There is no peace ſaith my God to the wicked." Whoever therefore would

wiſh to paſs their time in this life with any degree of comfort, muſt before all other things ſecure the favor of God, by earneſtly endeavouring at all times to fulfil their ſeveral duties, whether they are ſuch as are attended with difficulty or not. And when once we are convinced what is *right* for us to do, we ought reſolutely to perform it, although the whole world ſhould laugh at, and deride us for it. But of this we need be under no apprehenſions, ſince every man who is truly wiſe, and conſiders things juſtly, will eſteem us the better for our perſeverance in our duty; and none but weak minds, coxcombs, and wicked people, will preſume to cenſure us for what is *right:* and of ſuch perſons we need not be very ſolicitous to gain commendation, ſince the applauſe of the wicked, is but too likely to be owing to their finding that we reſemble themſelves.

YOUR brother *Tom*, no doubt, would have

had an higher opinion of your *courage Sam*, if you had accepted of his challenge to fight with him; and ſo I ſuppoſe would all who, like *Tom*, ſuffer themſelves to be hurried away by their paſſions, without duly conſidering the propriety of things. But in the eye of *reaſon*, to your own *conſcience*, and above all in the ſight of *God*, how much more noble has been your conduct.

A *cowardly* diſpoſition I as much abhor as any one can poſſibly do; but then *true magnanimity* conſiſts, not in furiouſly *reſenting* every little affront offered; but in nobly *deſpiſing* ſuch kind of inſults, in looking *down* upon them with *contempt*, as *unworthy* of the regard of a man of *true ſpirit*. When our *King* or our *country* are in danger, that man who would refuſe to hazard his life in their defence, is undeſerving of the protection he receives from them: but he who out of a pretence for his love of *honor*, ſeeks, upon

upon every indignity, to revenge himſelf by fighting with his adverſary, evidently demonſtrates, that he underſtands not the meaning of the word: ſince *honor*, *true* honor, comprehends every thing that is *great*, *generous*, and *noble*; whereas, the boy who upon every quarrel ſtrips for a battle, and the man who upon every affront flies to his ſword; diſcover in the plaineſt manner, their own *littleneſs* of *ſpirit*, their *weakneſs* of *ſenſe*, which has not ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport the ſlighteſt aſſault.

True honor, and *real courage*, like the ſun, ſhine undiſturbedly on in all their glory, notwithſtanding ſome miſts and clouds may darken theſe lower regions; whilſt *falſe* honor, and *pretended* courage, like a mere lighted taper, are blown about, and agitated by every ſlight breeze that aſſails them.

Let theſe conſiderations then, my boys, prevail upon you *magnanimouſly* to paſs by

every fooliſh inſult, which ſerves alone to diſcover your antagoniſt's malevolence, but can never really harm you: and by ſo doing you will, according to the opinion of the wiſeſt of the ſons of men, give a moſt convincing proof of your own greatneſs of ſoul; for ſays he, "He that is ſlow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his ſpirit, than he that taketh a city." And again he ſaith, "The *diſcretion* of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his *glory* to paſs over a tranſgreſſion."

BEHOLD then, my ſons, the way to *glory* and *true honor!* Behold the way in which you may diſcover more nobleneſs of ſoul than in the field of battle! and the path, in which, though never called forth to the defence of your country, you may yet have it in your powers to diſplay an *undaunted courage*, and a *reſolution* too firmly grounded, to be either laughed, or perſuaded from its duty.

In this pleaſing manner did Mr. *Saytree* inculcate on the hearts of his children, that forbearance, and ſelf-command of temper, ſo requiſite to the character of a *true Chriſtian*; at the ſame time teaching them, upon every occaſion, carefully to diſplay a magnanimity of ſoul, and ſo ſteadfaſt an adherence to what was *right*, that ſhould leave no one room to doubt of their *courage*, although they forbore to revenge by fighting, every fooliſh inſult that was offered them. No man, my dears, ſaid he, can paſs through life without experiencing many and ſevere trials, and to ſupport *them* with fortitude, is a far higher degree of *heroiſm*, than the raſhneſs of revenge can ever boaſt. A *puſillanimous* and *daſtardly* ſpirit no one on earth can abhor more than myſelf; and ſo much do I prize *true valour*, and venerate *real honor*, that I cannot endure ſuch noble appellations ſhould be beſtowed to grace the wicked raſhneſs of an angry *bully*.

At the ſame time that Mr. *Saytree* ſhewed the folly of revenging an affront, he taught the abſolute neceſſity of being careful to *offer* any. *Good-nature*, he obſerved, had often been brought into diſrepute by being claſſed (by ſome turbulent ſpirits) on a footing with *folly*; though in reality, it differs as widely from it as light from darkneſs: and however thoſe not bleſſed with it, may endeavour to laugh it out of countenance, I will venture to affirm, that there never was a man, however he might be admired for his learning, his underſtanding, or his wit, who either gained the approbation and eſteem of the world in general, or the ſincere love of any individual; who had not the virtue of a good temper to caſt a pleaſing luſtre over all his other qualifications: and without it, let thoſe qualifications be as numerous and as brilliant as they might, he muſt ever be a ſtranger to happineſs. For the perſon who is out of humour and moroſe to others, can

never be at peace and in harmony with himſelf: and of the truth of this obſervation *Tom Saytree* gave but too clear a proof.

FROM thoſe few inſtances I have already mentioned to you, I think you muſt obſerve how much more uncomfortable he appeared than his brothers, and all entirely owing to his own diſpoſition; for he was treated by his parents exactly in every reſpect the ſame as they were, (except indeed where his bad behaviour made it requiſite for him to be uſed with greater ſeverity.) But inſtead of cheerfully receiving their kind intentions towards him, he always thought he diſcovered cauſe for anger and reſentment: and if at any time he too much feared their authority to *ſpeak* his ſentiments, ſtill in his own mind he failed not to *grumble* and *repine*, either at their advice or commands; and thus entirely deprived himſelf of all joy and happineſs, as in thoſe inſtances I have juſt now told you

of. And ſo he continued through life, flattering himſelf that he had wiſdom and diſcretion always to act rightly; and therefore highly offended if any dared to profeſs themſelves of contrary opinions, as he thought they thereby deſigned to cenſure *him*, and call his underſtanding in queſtion.

This kept his mind continually upon the fret, and that fretfulneſs kept him at all times upon the ſnarl to thoſe around him; which ſnarliſh behaviour made no one deſirous of his company: on the contrary, all wiſhed to avoid as much as poſſible any connection with ſo diſagreeable a companion. This again added freſh torments to him, by finding himſelf avoided: ſo that, in ſhort, he certainly was one of the moſt miſerable creatures upon earth; yet no one could commiſerate him, without at the ſame time mingling the utmoſt degree of *contempt* with their compaſſion, ſince all his misfortunes and unhappi-

neſs evidently ſprang entirely from *himſelf*; and he was, in the moſt literal ſenſe, his *own tormentor*: and all originally proceeded from his being, when a child, *above* (as he called it) following the advice of his parents, or taking warning by any examples he read of, becauſe, as he fancied them not *true*, he reſolved not to profit by them.

But I hope, my dear *James*, this account I have now given you, and which I aſſure you *is* perfectly true, will teach you not to think or act in the ſame ridiculous manner, but always to receive profit from what you read, by ſtrictly obſerving all the characters, and endeavouring to copy in your own behaviour thoſe things that are worthy of your imitation, and carefully ſhun all that appears either wicked or diſagreeable in others; ſince you may aſſure yourſelf it will not be leſs diſguſting when practiced by *you*, than it is in thoſe you read of, whether they are

true hiſtories or not. And in regard to your improving by them, it need make no difference; for would not pride and ill temper have appeared juſt as ugly as it now does, whether I had really been acquainted with *Tom Saytree* or not? and ought you not equally to have endeavoured to avoid it? ſince, as I ſaid before, if it appears bad in the child in the book, not leſs diſagreeable will it appear if practiced in real life by you.

If, therefore, the author of a book, for the ſake of amuſing children, *makes believe* that a *peg-top* talks, it is only that he may have a better opportunity of telling you the manners of a greater number of boys and girls, than he could, have done if he had confined himſelf to the regular hiſtory of one: becauſe you ſee the *peg-top*, and ſuch kind of things, by changing ſo frequently their places, have an opportunity of obſerving (ſuppoſing they could ſee and under-

ſtand) the behaviour of all ranks of people; and are therefore capable of giving *advice* to all: and that is the part which in reading we are to pay our chief attention to, and not only to the *amuſement* it may afford us.

THUS when any boy reads the account given of *Frank Powel* and *Jack Growler*, in the *Peg-Top*, they are not only to ſeek *entertainment* from it, but to obſerve how the ſtrict honor of the one was at length commended, and would indeed hardly ever have been ſuſpected, had it not been for his too great heat of temper; which ſhews us into what fatal dangers the indulgence of that fault plunge us. And in the character of the other he may obſerve the fatal conſequences *treachery* and *ill-nature* bring upon all who practice it, and the certain diſgrace it is ſome time or other ſure to bring them in. So again, when in the ſame book you read the amuſing account of *Charles Heedmore*

and *George Mealwell*, you are not to ſuppoſe, that by being diverted the end is anſwered for which it was given you; but you are to obſerve with ſtrict attention the *moral* of the ſtory, and in the perſon of *Mealwell* ſee how juſtly *deceit* was puniſhed by the very methods uſed to avoid it; whilſt on the other hand, *Heedmore's* honeſt confeſſion of his fault gained him that pardon, and even *commendation* from his maſter and father, which no artifice in the world could poſſibly have done; and then likewiſe obſerve he had the delighful enjoyment of an innocent *conſcience*; the pleaſure of which is far better than any other *pleaſure* this world can poſſibly beſtow.

THESE, my dear boys, are the parts you are to obſerve in your reading; and whether your ſtudies conſiſt, like the preſent, in the behaviour of *boys* and *girls*, or in peruſing the hiſtories and lives of *kings*, *heroes*, and

empires, ſtill, unleſs you are careful to draw ſuch reflections from them, as may be of ſervice in the regulation of your *own* conduct, all your own time will have been ſpent to little purpoſe; and the knowledge you may have acquired, will but ſo much the more contribute towards rendering you inexcuſable, if you gather no improvement from them. Would people more attentively conſider this one truth, I am perſuaded the world would be much better than it now is. However, my dear boy, let us not be governed by the *folly* of others; — if they neglect to improve by their reading, let *you* and *I*, at leaſt in this reſpect, act *wiſer*; ſince, as we ſhould be very ſorry to anſwer for the crimes of others, ſo we may aſſure ourſelves that their errors will not, in the ſmalleſt degree, excuſe any faults we may commit.

WHY that is certainly true, replied *James Goodwin*, and I ſhould be very ſorry to an-

ſwer for all the faults committed by other boys, becauſe I have ſome of my own; and ſo I ſuppoſe, by the ſame rule, they will not chuſe to be accountable for mine: and ſo to be ſure, if others do not chuſe to grow wiſer by what they read, that is no reaſon that I ſhould not.

CERTAINLY it is not, replid Mr. *Goodwin*; and yet fooliſh as the excuſe is, it is one that is frequently urged in defence of bad behaviour; and if a thing is but the *faſhion* (no matter how ridiculous) it will inſtantly be followed by thouſands, and ten thouſands, for no other reaſon than becauſe *others* do ſo. —— In things in themſelves indifferent and innocent, this plea may be excuſable enough; for to refuſe complying with any eſtabliſhed cuſtom, merely for the ſake of being particular, diſcovers great folly and indiſcretion. But then this rule ſhould be followed no longer than whilſt things are

innocent; for the moment any cuſtom or faſhion has a *wrong* tendency, that moment it ought to be ſhunned by every perſon deſirous to attain the character of a *good man*: for we are not upon any account, as the Scripture warns us, "to follow a multitude to do evil." And well would it be for the generality of mankind, if they would more attend to this divine precept, the neglect of which, draws perſons of all ages into numberleſs treſpaſſes.

THIS, you know, was the plea your ſiſter *Ann* made uſe of to excuſe herſelf for going into the ſtable when the horſe broke her arm: ſhe ſhould not have gone had not *Charles* and *Jane*; and *Charles* and *Jane* both pleaded the ſame, that *they* ſhould not, if *Ann* had not accompanied them. Thus each laid the blame upon the other, for what, had they themſelves acted right, would have been wholly prevented: and thus each be-

came equally guilty, for no other reaſon in the world, than becauſe they ſaw another would be *as* bad as themſelves. But could that in any degree exculpate the fault of either?

I REMEMBER an inſtance of this kind which happened when I was at ſchool, and ſo deeply impreſſed on my mind the folly of doing wrong becauſe *others* did, that I have never forgotten it ſince. — A propoſal was made to go to rob a cherry-orchard, which was inſtantly agreed to by many of the boys; others (amongſt which I declare I was one) objected to it upon account of its being a wrong thing, particularly as the perſon it belonged to was a poor man, who got his living by ſelling of his fruit. But theſe arguments (though certainly juſt) were overballanced by numbers, who urged that they would go: and ſuppoſing it ſhould be found out, it would be no worſe for one than an-

other: you may therefore, ſaid they, as well come and partake of the fruit; for whether you do or not, I promiſe you not a cherry ſhall we leave upon the trees; and therefore your ſtaying away will not be of any ſervice to old *Tom Hunt*, which was the name of the man to whom the orchard belonged.

WELL! if that is the caſe, ſaid one, I may as well go to be ſure as not; and ſo may *I*, ſaid another; and *I*, ſaid a third and a fourth; and I love cherries as well as any of you, ſaid a fifth, and if the poor man is to loſe them all, I may as well eat them as any body elſe.

AYE! and ſo may I too, added I, (ſeeing them all going) if you all are determined to go, there is no uſe in my ſtaying at home by myſelf: I think it is a *wrong* thing to take the cherries, but if you intend to ſtrip the trees, my being of the party will

do no harm; and I ſhall be no worſe than the reſt of you.

THUS, all agreed in our deſign, we ſallied forth, when we thought *Tom Hunt* and his man buſily employed in digging another piece of ground at ſome diſtance from that we meant to *ſack*, as we called it. But we had not been engaged in our baſe employment above a quarter of an hour, before we ſaw *Hunt*, and two men with him, haſtily advancing towards us. We inſtantly jumped from the trees, and endeavoured to make our eſcape, which ſome indeed effected; but others were caught, amongſt which unfortunate number was myſelf. Old *Hunt* caught hold of me himſelf, and in a violent rage as he was, at ſeeing all his trees ſo much ſtripped, thraſhed me moſt heartily with a leathern ſtrap he had in his hand.

IN vain I pleaded that I had no deſign

of injuring him; that it was with reluctance I was perſuaded to come; and certainly ſhould not at all, if the reſt of the boys had not firſt agreed to it.

"O! HO! young 'ſquire, ſhould not you? ſaid he, then I will only treat you in the ſame manner I would the reſt of the boys, if I could catch them all, as I *wiſh* I could; but you ſhall all ſuffer for it; this is not the firſt time I have been plundered by you young *rogues*, as you are: but I'll put a ſtop to it; and if you behave like thieves, like thieves you ſhall be treated.—You ſhall all go to the *Juſtice!* and if it coſts me an hundred pounds I'll *trounce* you all, *that* I will; ſo come along, come along, I ſay! I will give you ſour ſauce to waſh down my ſweet bleeding-heart cherries, and make you remember how you rob a poor man again of his property."

WITH this ſort of converſation, and very frequently applying the ſtrap, he and the two men conducted us to ſchool; where pulling at the bell (as if by the violence of the manner he intended to expreſs his anger) he enquired if Mr. *Child* was at home? and being anſwered in the affirmative, deſired leave to ſpeak with him. Accordingly he was invited in, and entered, attended by the two men, four other boys, and myſelf.

I SHALL not, *James*, attempt to deſcribe our emotions upon the ſight of our maſter, when brought to him in ſo diſgraceful a manner; ſuch kind of ſituations being more eaſily *imagined* than *expreſſed*: but if you have never yet been in the like circumſtances, let me aſſure you, that the feelings attending ſuch a conſciouſneſs of guilt are ſo truly painful, that no innocent perſon can fancy half their horror.

"SIR!" ſaid old *Hunt*, (pulling off his hat, and bowing the moment he ſaw Mr. *Chilo*) "Sir, I aſk your pardon for coming in *this here* manner into your preſence, with theſe two men along with me *here*, but I hope your Honor will excuſe it; I know, an pleaſe you, you are a good man, and a *juſt* man, and therefore don't wiſh to have any one wronged and plundered of their property, as I have been *here* juſt now by theſe young gentlemen, an pleaſe you, Sir." (Mr. *Chilo* looked angrily towards us, but *Hunt* went on.) "Yes, Sir! theſe *here* young ſparks I found my own ſelf this bleſſed day, not half an hour ago, robbing my cherry orchard; and there were a *power* more of them, but they got away as nimble as ſquirrels, and were out of ſight in a moment; but theſe not happening to ſee me quite ſo ſoon, I came up to them before they had time to make off; and ſo, Sir, as I caught them, I thought I had beſt bring them to you *firſt*, for I am

determined to *cite* them *all* before the Juſtice. Yes, Sir, I am *determined* upon it, for I always am of opinion that every man ſhould be treated as he deſerves: if he is an honeſt man, why let him be reſpected as one; and if he is a *rogue*, as theſe young chaps all are, why e'en let him be uſed as a rogue, I ſay; and that is the only way to make the world go well, and keep people up to their duty."

THAT is certainly very true, returned Mr. *Chilo*, but I am afraid in the preſent inſtance, as the juſtice you know lives a good many miles off, the appeal to him will be attended with more trouble to yourſelf than you are aware of, and I am rather apt to believe, the penalty the law will inflict upon theſe young offenders, will not be more ſevere than I will lay them under, provided you think proper to leave their puniſhment to me.

WHY then, Sir, if you think ſo Sir, re-

plied *Hunt*, if you think I had better not go to the Juſtice, to be ſure I won't, Sir; or elſe, as ſure as they are alive, I will *cite* every mother's ſon of them, and have them *dited* at the next Quarter Seſſions. But if you, Sir, chuſe to take the matter into your own hands, why, well and good, I will leave it with you, Sir; only to be ſure it is rather hard to be ſo robbed by a tribe of young *Arabs*, as a body may ſay!"

It is very hard indeed, replied Mr. *Chilo*, and I wiſh you could tell me who the reſt were that were engaged in this *vile* employment?

"I REALLY, Sir, anſwered *Hunt*, cannot tell you their names, but if I was to ſee the young gentlemen, there were two or three of them that I am ſure I could ſwear to."

Mr. *Chilo* then ordered all the boys, (for

they reached home long before we had,) to come into the room, who all expreſſed guilt enough in their countenances; but there were only three of them that *Hunt* ſaid he could be poſitive were in his ground, though he ſaw a *power* of them beſide, but could not ſay which they were. Mr. *Chilo* again aſſuring him he would examine very minutely into the affair, and likewiſe puniſh it very ſeverely, he took his leave, hoping once more, he repeated, that his calling would give no offence.

As ſoon as he was gone, Mr. *Chilo* talked very ſeriouſly to us upon the ſubject, repreſented the *diſhoneſty* of the practice, and the real detriment it was to the poor man, whoſe whole livelihood depended upon the product of his gardens and orchard. And, ſaid he, how would any of you like, to go without the *conveniences*, much leſs the *neceſſaries* of life, becauſe a parcel of boys

had robbed your fathers of articles not more valuable in their trades, than the cherries were to poor *Hunt?* And yet ſuch muſt be the caſe with his family! the loſs of a few ſhillings to them is a very material loſs; they riſe early and work late, to procure them, and can but ill afford to be deprived of any of their earnings. Only think then how extremely cruel has been your behaviour! But beſides the *cruelty* of it, there is another part not leſs wicked and diſgraceful. Pray did you ever hear of ſuch a requiſite in a perſon's character as that of *honeſty?* or if you have, in what, give me leave to aſk you, do you ſuppoſe *honeſty* and *juſtice* conſiſt? or what do you ſuppoſe conſtitutes the crime of *ſtealing?*

O! NOT in only robbing an orchard, replied two or three at the ſame time.

Only robbing an orchard! reſumed Mr. *Chile.*

Upon my word, I do not know what you may think of it; but really I ſhould ſuppoſe, *breaking* over the *fences* of a man's ground, to take from him his *property* therein contained, without leave, or right to the ſame, was an act ſo like *robbery*, that it would be difficult to make any diſtinction between them; at leaſt I confeſs I am not capable of diſcovering any: and till ſuch time as I can, I ſhall always puniſh it *as* ſuch, and therefore, you *eight*, who Mr. *Hunt* really knows to have been of the plundering party, ſhall moſt undoubtedly be flogged, and have your allowances ſtopped, till it amounts to a ſum ſufficient to make good to him the loſs of the cherries: for however *trifling* you may eſteem *robbing* an *orchard*, *I* look upon it as a *capital* crime, a *very* capital crime, one that may pave the way to every kind of *injuſtice*, *diſhoneſty*, and *villainy*, and one that I will moſt ſeverely puniſh.

This threat you may be ſure we did not like, and began to grumble at the unreaſonableneſs of our paying *all* the money, alledging, that we ſhould not have gone at all if the other boys had not.

And pray, reſumed Mr. *Chilo*, do you urge this by way of *excuſe* for your own faults? If one man is a rogue, is that any reaſon that another ſhould be ſo likewiſe? Suppoſe a man was to rob you on the highway, ſhould you think it any mitigation of his crime for him to plead that he ſhould not have done it, had he not heard ſomebody elſe ſay they intended to do ſo too? Would this, I ſay, be any *excuſe*, or any *extenuation* of his guilt? But if you think the force of example is of ſuch *prodigious* importance, as to render guiltleſs all thoſe who act wrong becauſe *others* do; it is highly proper thoſe who ſet *bad* examples ſhould be held forth *as examples* likewiſe of the fatal *conſequence* of vice, and

for that reaſon you eight gentlemen, who, forgetting the character to which you were born, choſe to aſſume that of *plunderers*, ſhall certainly, as you were caught in the attrocious fact, ſet the *example* of ſuffering puniſhment: and if you were fooliſh enough to ſuppoſe others doing the ſame would excuſe you; remember for the future, that a perſon being found in the company of the wicked, inſtead of *ſecuring* him, is the likelieſt way in the world to bring him to *condemnation*: to utter *diſgrace* it certainly muſt, although (which is impoſſible) he ſhould even preſerve his own innocence. So ſaying he ordered us to prepare for our fate, and did moſt ſeverely, and, I muſt add, *deſervedly*, flog us indeed.

I REMEMBER at the time I lamented my own hard lot moſt pitiouſly; though I even *then* ſaw the *juſtice* of it: for my conſcience told me I ought *not* to have accompanied them

But it put me upon my guard ever after, and has, I believe, been of infinite ſervice to me thouſands of times ſince; as the recollection of it kept me from joining any company or amuſement which my heart whiſpered I had better avoid; for though after I had left ſchool I was no longer in danger of the ſame chaſtiſement, yet the juſtice of Mr. *Chilo*'s arguments always occurred to my mind, and made me ſay to myſelf, "If it was *wrong* to behave ſo when a boy, it muſt be ſtill *worſe* now I am older: and though indeed I may not receive ſuch immediate puniſhment as the flogging was, ſtill my own heart will condemn me. I ſhall diſgrace myſelf in my own eyes, by doing becauſe others do, what I had better not: let therefore, thoſe *others* act as they will, and laugh at me as they pleaſe, I will not by my folly forfeit my own eſteem; for the applauſe of the whole world cannot afford me the ſatisfaction of a *peaceful approving conſcience.*"

But pray, Sir, said *James* interrupting him, what do you mean by your *own esteem*, and disgracing yourself in your *own* eyes? I thought people should not esteem themselves, and be proud of their own merits!

Wrongfully so indeed they ought *not*, replied Mr. *Goodwin*; but there *is* a pride, an *honest* pride of heart, my boy, that no one should ever be without. Pride, if it makes us vain of our own perfections, or suppose ourselves, upon account of our *birth* or *fortune*, superior to the rest of mankind, or behave arrogantly towards them, is a most *detestible* vice, and draws on us the scorn and just contempt of all to whom we are known. But the *self esteem* I mentioned, although it is called by the same *name*, differs as much from this *sinful pride*, as the vital glow of health does from the parching heat of a fever. God, my dear child, has implanted a *conscience* within all our hearts, which if care-

fully conſulted will never ſuffer us to fall into ſin, without ſeverely paining us for our crime, by the uneaſineſs we ſhall feel in our own minds, although we may perhaps conceal that uneaſineſs from others. So on the other hand, this faithful friend in our boſoms will not fail to diffuſe a *peace* and pleaſure over us when we act rightly, ſuperior to any ſatisfaction this world can beſtow. And to behave at all times ſo as not to forfeit the eſteem, that is the *approbation* of this *conſcience*, is what I meant by my *own eſteem*. And the laudable pride I mentioned, is that of *preferring* ſuch approbation of conſcience, before the commendation of all others: and therefore, *nobly diſdaining* to commit a baſe action, though ſure that by ſo doing we ſhould gain the applauſe of thouſands. Whatever you do therefore, *James*, in whatever circumſtances you may be placed, be careful above all things to cultivate and maintain this conſcious *dignity* of character, this true

nobleneſs of mind; and then, though you ſhould be reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs and poverty, ſtill will you be eſteemed and reſpected by all good and wiſe men, and above all, will be loved by your *God*. Only recollect old *Ben Adams!* Who did you ever hear ſpeak a diſreſpectful word of him? On the contrary, every body eſteems him, and there is not a gentleman in the place, let his rank be what it will, who does not almoſt look upon it as an honor, inſtead of a diſgrace, to converſe with him. And why? becauſe in every ſtage of his life he has always conducted himſelf with ſuch remarkable nobleneſs and ſtrict honor. "It is true," ſaid he to me one day, "I am but a *poor* man, but thank God I have a *ſoul* as noble as that of a Prince, and a mind as much *above* committing a baſe action as the firſt nobleman in the land. High and low, rich and poor, Sir," ſaid he, "are all the children of one Almighty Father,—all the ſubjects of One all-powerful King,—all the

work of one Creator. And though it has pleaſed him to appoint us different ſtations, and conſequently we have all different taſks to perform; ſtill the comfort of it is, that he regards nothing ſo much as the *manner* of our performing our ſeveral works; and provided what we have to do is *well* done, it ſignifies not *what* our part is; for the poor induſtrious ploughman, who by his honeſt labour brings up his little family upon bread and water, teaching them to ſerve God, and do good to all men; ſhall in a better world than the preſent, be as amply rewarded as the king who governs the nation, and more ſo too, unleſs he is careful to improve all the advantages he enjoys to proper purpoſes; for it is *goodneſs*, Sir, and not *rank*, that makes one man better than another in the ſight of God.

"In this world, fine houſes, fine carriages, fine cloaths, many attendants, and much

learning, makes one perſon appear ſuperior to his neighbours; and the poor labourer in tatters, and the fine gentleman covered all over with gold and ſilver lace, ſcarcely appear of the ſame ſpecies; but when they come to be ſtripped, and laid in their coffins, when the worms have eat up the fleſh of the *rich* man, as cloſely as that of the *poor*, and their bones are all mouldered into duſt, then what will be the difference between them? and in what reſpect will the *gentleman* be ſuperior to the *labourer?* Truly in none, unleſs he was careful to acquire greater degrees of virtue; and it is the poor man's fault if he lets that be the caſe; otherwiſe their *ſouls* ſhall ſtand upon a level; and that of a chimney-ſweeper ſhall ſhine as glorious as that of an emperor. Yes, Sir, in the kingdom of Heaven we ſhall *all* be *equal!* Poor *Ben Adams* ſhall there, I truſt, be as happy in the preſence of his God, as if on earth he had been adorned with a crown.

"And what a comfort, continued he, is this to us diſtreſſed ones of the earth! To think that after a few year's toil, (and the the oldeſt man's life is ſoon paſſed away) to think, I ſay, that we poor people ſhall be as happy as the happieſt. O! 'tis ſuch a bleſſed conſolation, when one returns wearied out with labour, to reflect, that in a little time our cottage will be changed to more than a palace, and our hard bed to eternal reſt, that I would not be deprived of this hope for all the riches of the world; ſince I am certain no affluence could purchaſe me half the comfort ſuch glorious expectations do: and never can I be enough thankful to my poor honeſt parents, who firſt taught me that noble leſſon, *To ſerve God in ſincerity and uprightneſs all the days of my life.*"

Your parents then, ſaid I, were people

of the ſame juſt way of thinking as you are, were they?

"O, YES! Sir," replied "he, they were both as honeſt folk as ever trod the ground. My father was gardener to Sir *George Stanmore*, and my mother was one of the houſe-maids in the ſame family; where ſhe continued to dive till within a few months of my birth. Sir *George* then very kindly placed her in one of the ſmall houſes on his eſtate, and let her live rent free, whilſt my father ſtill continued to work in his grounds; and very comfortably they lived, without having any farther trouble than that of providing for a large family, for they had ſix girls, and another ſon beſides myſelf. Sir *George Stanmore* had ſeveral daughters likewiſe, and but one ſon, who was juſt a year older than I was, and as he had no brothers, and but few playfellows near him, Sir *George* often invited me to his houſe, to play with Maſter *Charles*.

At laſt indeed he was ſo kind, when I was about ſeven years old, to take me entirely home, that I might be more out of the way of catching any little vulgar tricks from other children; and alſo that I might have the benefit of learning to read and write at the ſame time as his ſon did. *Latin* and *Greek*, he ſaid, though abſolutely neceſſary for every *gentleman* to be acquainted with, would be uſeleſs to me; who when grown up would certainly have no time to beſtow on ſuch ſtudies; therefore if I learned common accounts, and to write and read, it was full as much as I ſhould ever have occaſion for. For depend upon it, ſaid he, a knowledge of the claſſics will never make a man a bit the better gardener.

"THIS was certainly true; but ſtill, as I was always in the room when Maſter *Charles's* tutor was giving him any inſtruction, I could not avoid attending to what he ſaid; and

having a pretty good memory, and being rather quick at my learning, I ſoon found, that without taking much pains for it, I got full as forward as Maſter *Charles*, to whom all the inſtructions were addreſſed.

"Mr. *Lightlow*, his tutor, ſoon diſcovered this; and thinking, by raiſing a degree of emulation in his pupil, that he ſhould forward his improvements, began to pay ſome attention to my endeavours after acquiring farther knowledge than only reading *Engliſh*, and writing. And as genius and memory do not depend upon *riches*, I do not know how it was, but ſome how or other, I very ſoon got far before my young maſter. This ſadly mortified Sir *George* and Lady *Stanmore*, to think that the poor child of their *gardener* and *houſe-maid* ſhould excel their ſon in learning; and they talked to him frequently with no little diſpleaſure upon the ſubject, endeavouring to excite him to a greater degree

of diligence, by repreſenting how diſgraceful it would be, to be outdone by the poor ſon of a gardener.

However, it unfortunately happened that their admonitions had no other effect upon him, than to create in his heart great jealouſy of, and conſequently a diſlike to me. Inſtead of endeavouring, as he uſed to do upon all occaſions, to promote my happineſs, he took every opportunity to inſult me upon account of my *poverty*; and if any time at play I gained the advantage of him, he never failed to remind me in moſt ungenerous language, of my obligations to *his* family; telling me it was entirely owing to their *charity* that I could read my primer, or write my name; and even that the very cloaths I had on my back were the gifts of their bounty: that therefore it was unpardonable inſolence in me to preſume to win his marbles, or get the better of him in any thing;

and that I ought to eſteem it as an high honor to be admitted to join ſports with him at all, and not preſume to conquer at thoſe games he was ſo kind as to let me partake of.

"THIS kind of treatment did not much agree with my ſpirit: and I told him, that although I acknowledged myſelf to be under the higheſt obligations to his parents, and the worthy Mr. *Lightlow*; ſtill I did not ſee what I was ſo prodigiouſly indebted to *him* for, as to loſe every fair opportunity of beating him at play when I had it in my power. I will never, ſaid I, take an ungenerous advantage of you, or act otherwiſe than with the utmoſt honor; and if you think me too *poor* to play with, I will never aſk you to do it again; but if you think me worthy of beginning any game with you, do not ſuppoſe that, becauſe I am not ſo *rich* as you, I will therefore behave like a

fool; and when I know how to hit your marbles, or ſplit your top, I will not do it becauſe, forſooth, you are a *gentleman!* I know you are, and will always behave to you as ſuch; but when we play together, at the game we are *equals*; and the peg-top of a *gardener*'s ſon has as much right to win as that of a *baronet*.

"In this manner I was ſometimes able to pacify his reſentment; but ſtill the commendations I received from Sir *George* and Mr. *Lightlow*, upon account of my learning, were continually exciting his envy, and making him treat me with unkindneſs. At length, however, we were upon pretty good terms for ſome time, by reaſon of my aſſiſting him at his exerciſes, which I uſed to write out for him, and then he had nothing to do but to copy it. This was a great advantage to me, but certainly of no ſervice to him; however he eſcaped anger by means of it, and

we boys did not much think of the future conſequence of things. But it was not long before our proceedings were diſcovered, and Mr. *Lightlow* very ſeriouſly repreſented to us the great folly of ſuch behaviour: ſaid that Sir *George* put himſelf to much expence to keep him, purely to inſtruct his ſon, and if I only did his buſineſs for him, that end was entirely defeated; conſequently it was a degree of deceit and injuſtice very unpardonable, as it was in effect robbing Sir *George*, by making him pay a tutor for nothing; and a great injury to *Charles*, by preventing his acquiring that knowledge abſolutely neceſſary for him to be acquainted with.

"By theſe, and many more arguments to the ſame purpoſe, he thoroughly convinced me of the impropriety of my proceedings; and I promiſed him I would never be guilty of the ſame again. For ſome days my young

maſter did not aſk me: but at laſt, after having incurred Mr. *Lightlow*'s diſpleaſure in the morning, and being threatened with ſeverer chaſtiſement in caſe of his exerciſe not being duly prepared againſt his evening examination, he once more ſolicited my aſſiſtance; and upon my declining it, branded me by the opprobrious name of *coward*, *ungrateful*, *unfriendly*, *beggar-born*, and ſuch like; at the ſame time endeavouring to ſhake my reſolution, by declaring, that if we could change places, and I was in his diſtreſs, he would run any riſk ſooner than ſee me ſuffer! for, ſaid he, *I* love *you Ben* far too well to let *you* be flogged when it is in my power to prevent it, but you will do nothing to ſerve me!

"My deareſt *Charles*, replied I, (for when a boy I frequently called him by that free appellation) I will do any thing to ſerve you that lies within my power; I will run

any risk to screen you from your threatened punishment.

"WHY then, said he, construe my *Latin* exercise for me, and you may save me at once, and deliver me from all my present uneasiness!

"THAT, replied I, I *cannot* do! you know what Mr. *Lightlow* said upon the subject, and how dishonorable it would be in me to requite Sir *George*'s kindness to me. Besides, do you not remember that I *promised* I would not do it again? and I would not break my word upon any consideration whatever.

"YOU break your word *now!* (answered he in an angry tone of voice) for you said you would do any thing to serve me, run any risk to save me from punishment; but I

ſee how much you value your word juſt when it ſuits yourſelf, and never elſe.

"You are greatly miſtaken, ſaid I, I regard my word at all times; and though I am but poor, I would not forfeit my honor to be poſſeſſed of all your father's eſtate. I told you I would do any thing to ſerve you that *laid within my power*; but a thing that I have already promiſed is *not* within my power: and what dependance could *you*, could *any* body place in me, if once you was to find me capable of lying? for by the ſame rule that I could deceive Mr. *Lightlow*, and do your exerciſe after I had told him I would *not*; you might reaſonably ſuſpect that I would deceive you, and purpoſely make blunders in your book, for the ſake of bringing you into diſgrace.

"I SHOULD think no ſuch thing, ſaid he; I ſhould only think you much more good-

natured than I do now: and I know you only make such a *to-do* about your *honor*, and your *word*, for the sake of getting me flogged.

"My dearest friend, resumed I, how can you judge so hardly of me? what have I ever done to deserve such treatment from you? If I had ever *deceived* you, you might well suspect me of meanness, of ill-nature, or of base designs. But I am certain you cannot, in your heart, think so badly of me, as to suppose I would not rejoice to save you, if, as I said before, it was in my *power*. Point out to me any way that I can now save you with *honor*, and I will most gladly embrace it, though sure of undergoing your punishment in your stead: so little do I deserve the titles of *coward* and *ungrateful!*

"What a racket is here, replied he, about your *honor!* I do not know any business a

gardener's boy, like you, has to ſtand ſo much upon his *honor! Gentlemen*, indeed, may have ſome reaſon to boaſt of the honor of their families; but I ſhould not ſuppoſe a *houſemaid's ſon* had much, that he need make ſuch a clamor about!

"WHATEVER *you* may ſuppoſe about the matter, ſaid I, let me tell you, that the ſon of a *gardener* and a *houſemaid* may juſtly boaſt of much ſuperior honor to the illuſtrious ſon of a *baronet:* and however you may think yourſelf the better boy for your father's riches, I would have you to know, that the tongue which *ſcorns* to tell a lie, is far more valuable than a deceitful one, let it be placed in whoſoever's mouth it will: and although Providence has bleſſed you with ſuperior affluence, yet he has not given you one limb, one faculty, or one drop of blood more than he has to me; neither has he given you a ſuperior ſoul, that will conti-

nue to exiſt longer than mine; and as that is the caſe, I will as much abhor doing a mean, or deceitful action, as if I was the richeſt gentleman in the land.

"I AM ſure, anſwered he, you talk in a manner very unbecoming of you, and have far too much pride for your ſtation!

"IF, replied I, you call it *pride* to be *above* behaving ill, or doing a wrong thing, I not only acknowledge I have pride, but what is more, I *glory* in it; and ſtill farther I can tell you, that let my circumſtances be what they will, or let me be as poor as the meaneſt beggar in the ſtreets, I will ſtill maintain and *encourage ſuch pride* through the whole courſe of my life; and thoſe who neglect to do ſo, are undeſerving of the nature God has bleſſed them with.

"I AM ſure, ſaid he, you are an *inſolent*

dog! and undeſerving of the favors you have received from my father! but you ſhall not enjoy them much longer I promiſe you; and then you, and your *pride*, and your *honor*, may all go ſeek your fortunes together, and ſee what you get by your ſanctity.

"I SHALL get by it more than you will by your *title* and *riches*, returned I; for I ſhall get *peace of conſcience*, which will afford me more true ſatisfaction and happineſs than all the wealth and grandeur in the world. A poor man *may* be *happy*, though not *rich*; but a rich one can *never* be happy who is not *good*.

"BUT, dear Sir, ſaid *Ben Adams*, it is needleſs to trouble you with all that paſſed between my young maſter and myſelf; it is ſufficient to inform you, that we diſputed in this manner till really, if he would ever ſo fain, there was no time to finiſh his exer-

ciſe, and Mr. *Lightlow*, being quite tired out with his idleneſs and inattention, flogged him, as he had before threatened he would.

"THIS exaſperated Maſter *Charles* ſtill more againſt me; and from that day forth he endeavoured to make good his words of my not long enjoying the favors I had, by ſtriving all in his power to ſet Sir *George* and his lady againſt me, by continually repreſenting me as *deceitful*, *proud* and *ill-tempered*, to ſuch a degree, that he could not enjoy any pleaſure for me: ſaid likewiſe, that I had artfully ſet Mr. *Lightlow* againſt him, who was continually for that reaſon undeſervedly inflicting puniſhment upon him, and as often commending and rewarding me.

"SIR *George* and Lady *Stanmore* for ſome time payed no attention to theſe complaints, thinking they only proceeded from ſome boyiſh quarrel; and would therefore in all probabi-

bility blow over again. But finding he continued to perſiſt in the ſame ſtile, they thought proper to make ſome enquiries of Mr. *Lightlow*, who confeſſed that he had often commended and rewarded me upon account of my diligence at my learning; and had likewiſe, for Maſter *Charles*'s neglects, been obliged ſometimes to puniſh him: but for my having tried to ſet him againſt Maſter *Charles*, it was, he ſaid, entirely a miſtake, grounded only upon *jealouſy* and *envy* at my being forwarder in my book than he was.

"FINDING this to be the ſtate of the caſe, Sir *George* determined not to pay any regard to thoſe things his ſon ſaid againſt me: though I muſt needs confeſs I do not think he uſed me quite generouſly upon the occaſion; for finding my faculty of learning, and my memory to be ſo much better than his ſon's, he gave orders to Mr. *Lightlow* to give me no farther inſtruction;

nay, even to prevent me from conning over those books I had already gone through; and as I could write a tolerable legible hand, and underſtood a little of arithmetic, to keep me no longer in his ſtudy of a morning than whilſt I read a few verſes in the Bible, that I might not forget my *Engliſh*, which he ſaid was ſufficient for me to be acquainted with. And ſo indeed it was: but yet I had ſuch a love for my books, and felt ſuch pleaſure in finding the daily progreſs I made in knowledge, and in the commendation of Mr. *Lightlow*, that when he acquainted me with the ſtrict orders he had received from Sir *George*, I thought I ſhould have broke my heart. I never ſhall forget the diſtreſs it put me in: I was very young then, Sir, and it was the firſt trouble I had ever known.

"I REMEMBER I was ſeated at a little deſk, in which he was ſo kind as to let me keep my books, when he entered the room. Dear

Sir! ſaid I, I am glad you are come; for I have finiſhed this you gave me yeſterday to tranſlate; and I want you ſadly to look at it, and tell me whether it is right, that I may copy it into my book".

He took it out of my hand without ſaying a word; and after he had looked over it, returned it again with an air of gravity very unuſual to him, eſpecially when our performances pleaſed him, ſaying, Yes, *Ben!* it is perfectly right; but you need not trouble yourſelf to tranſcribe it into your book.

"*Not* write it in my book, Sir!" ſaid I, with a voice of aſtoniſhment, "Did not you ſay it was right?"

"Yes, *quite* ſo," replied he; "but your maſter thinks, *Ben*, that as you are to be brought up to gardening, or ſomething of that kind, that it is needleſs for you to

ſpend any more of your time in learning *Latin*, or *Greek*: and indeed, my boy, I fear when you are a man you will never have any opportunity to make uſe of ſuch learning, which may, perhaps, only make you diſcontented with your mean condition. Go, my lad!" ſaid he, ſtroking my head, (and I ſaw the tear ſtart in his eye, as he looked tenderly upon me) "go, and ſee if your father cannot find ſome employment for you in the garden: you grow big enough now, *Ben*, to aſſiſt him in his labor; and it would be making an improper uſe of learning, for one in your ſtation to ſpend that time in acquiring it, which would be to better purpoſe given to induſtry. Remember, my boy, the *good precepts* you have learned, and never regard the loſs of thoſe languages not in the leaſt neceſſary for one in your ſtation. Doſt hear me, *Ben?*" (for I remained motionleſs) "go to thy father; and God Almighty preſerve you wherever you go!"

"At theſe words I burſt into tears; and falling on my knees before him, beſought him with the greateſt earneſtneſs not to ſend me from him; promiſing at the ſame time, that if he would but allow me even *one* hour in the day to my ſtudies, the reſt I would dedicate with diligence to whatever buſineſs he and my maſter ſhould pleaſe to appoint me."

"My deareſt boy," ſaid he, "riſe up, and do not diſtreſs me thus, by obliging me to refuſe your requeſt: Sir *George* you know *muſt* be obeyed; and what I have already told you, is his abſolute order. If, therefore, you ſo much wiſh to purſue your learning, you muſt ſolicit his permiſſion; and I promiſe you if he gives conſent to it, I will, with the greateſt pleaſure, contribute all in my power towards your improvement: but go, my dear, you muſt not ſtay now; for if he ſhould find you here after what he has ſaid,

he would not be pleaſed with you. Then ſhaking me by the hand, he adviſed me to go with cheerfulneſs to my father in the garden.

"I OBEYED his orders ſo far as to *go* into the garden, but as for being *cheerful*, I can't ſay I found any inclination for that: I went crying to my father as if my heart would have broke, and told him all my diſtreſs: he very kindly endeavoured to comfort me, but never having himſelf enjoyed a taſte of the ſweets of that learning I thirſted after, he could not enter much into my ſufferings; he tried to amuſe me by talking of the different plants and flowers about which he was employed: but at that moment I ſhould not have cared if every ſhrub in the garden had been withered to duſt. I laid me down upon the graſs, under the ſhade of a large ſpreading pine tree, and there gave full vent to

my tears and lamentations; and at that time my little heart thought it impoſſible to ſuffer heavier woe.

"WHILST I thus lay and was bemoaning myſelf, Sir *George* approached, unobſerved by me till he came quite cloſe, and aſked me for what I was crying ſo terribly?

"O, SIR," ſaid I, ſtarting up, and running to him, "Mr. *Lightlow* tells me, you have forbid my attending him any longer in his ſtudy, and going on with my learning: pray, pray dear Sir, don't ſay ſo! let me go to him, if it is but *one* hour, *only* one hour, and I will riſe at any time you pleaſe, or work ever ſo late at night, to make it up; and I won't ſpend any time in play, if you will but let me go to Mr. *Lightlow*, that I may get forward in my learning."

"And is this," ſaid he ſmiling, "the mighty cauſe of your tears? Why, *Ben*, you make me laugh to think how you diſtreſs yourſelf for what would rejoice half the boys in the kingdom. Why, if I was to give *Charles* the ſame liberty, he would not cry as you do, you little fool!"

"Then, pray Sir," ſaid I, "let us change places, and we ſhall both be made happy!"

"This I ſaid without the ſmalleſt intention of offending him: I ſpoke, merely as my heart dictated, with no farther deſign than to expreſs my *own* deſire of proſecuting my ſtudies. But Sir *George* miſinterpreted my words, and thought that I meant to put myſelf in a very unbecoming manner before his ſon, and therefore with a ſterner voice than he had ever before addreſſed me in, ſaid, "How dare you ſpeak in this inſolent manner to

me? I think, *Ben*, I have already ſuffered you to get more learning than you appear to know how to make a proper uſe of; but I would not have you ſuppoſe, becauſe I have favored you ſo far as I have done, that therefore you are to put yourſelf upon a footing with my ſon; or fancy your improvement of equal importance with *his*. I have before been told of your *pride*, and improper behaviour towards him, and was unwilling to believe it; but I think you have now given me ſufficient proof of it. I would adviſe you therefore, as you value my future favor, to learn a little more reſpect towards him for the time to come; for though I have permitted you to play with him, as he had no *ſuitable* companion near him; ſtill I never intended you ſhould have put yourſelf upon a *level* with him, or forget the very humble ſtation to which you are born. I beg, therefore, you will ſhew more humility for the future; and not

ſo much forget the great difference that ſubſiſts between *my* ſon and that of my *gardener!*"

"So ſaying, he turned away from me; nor could I prevail upon him to hear my declaration of the innocence of my intention: but bidding me not be *troubleſome*, he walked in-doors, and left me in ſtill more augmented ſorrow than that he found me in.

"Well! thought I to myſelf, there is an end to all hopes of acquiring farther knowledge of the languages: Mr *Lightlow* tells me, unleſs I can get my maſter's leave, he cannot inſtruct me; and I am ſure I muſt not preſume ever again to mention the ſubject to him: and ſo I muſt e'en make the beſt of it, and follow Mr. *Lightlow*'s advice, by endeavouring to remember all the moral precepts I have already learned. But what will be the uſe of *remembering* them, if I do

not put them in *practice*, and turn them to ſome uſe? and now is the time for me to follow the example of *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Epictetus*, and all the brave heroes of old, who were above minding misfortunes and diſappointments. The immortal *Beliſarius* would never have ſupported the loſs of his liberty and eyes in the noble manner he did, if he had not accuſtomed himſelf, when young, to bear misfortunes and diſappointments. And why ſhould not I endeavour to be as great as *Beliſarius?* I will try for it; and though I am *poor* I may be as *brave*, as *good*, and as *contented*; and who knows but that, if I behave as well, I may one day be as much reſpected; and the name of *Ben Adams* be honored by all that hear it! — Ah! but then again, thought I, who will ever *reſpect* or *honor* a poor working gardener; let me behave as I will, nobody will know me, or think me worthy of notice: if I was a *gentleman*, indeed, and had *learning*, then people would

think me worth ſpeaking to; and if I was good, my goodneſs might be of ſome ſervice, and folk might think it worth while to follow the example of a *gentleman*; but a *poor* man, what can *he* do?"

"Do!" ſaid my father who happened to overhear me, "why do a great deal! Follow me, *Ben*, and I will ſhew you what you ſhall do. There, take up that ſpade, and dig, my boy! *that's* what you ſhall do; and learn to plough to: and pray tell me what the *fine learned gentlemen* would *do* without the plough and the ſpade to aſſiſt them? Learning may be a very good thing for ought I know; and no doubt it is, and very becoming all gentlefolk to have it; but ſtill never tell me that a man cannot be a uſeful member of ſociety without it: aye, and a very *worthy* man too, and therefore deſerving of the eſteem of all. God, my boy, made us all of the ſame fleſh and blood; and ſome he has appointed

to be kings, and ſome to be ſubjects; ſome he has made generals, and ſome private ſoldiers; ſome maſter-builders, and ſome only labourers: but what of that! he has made them all alike, and cares for the poor as well as the rich; "for he is the maker of us all."—So never fret becauſe you are not a *gentleman*: for if a man is a *good* man, no matter what his trade is. *Dives* was a gentleman once, and what is he the better for that now? and *Lazarus* was a poor man, and now he is comforted, and the other tormented. So I ſay again, *Ben*, never fret becauſe you are poor: *poverty* is no diſgrace if the man is *honeſt*; but to be guilty of a *baſe* action, or to practice *meanneſs* and *deceit*, would be diſgraceful even to a *prince*. At all times, therefore, my boy, be *above* that: *poor* as you are, have an *honeſt* pride, and then let fortune run as it will, you will be ſafe under the protection of your God."

"*True* father! ſaid I, and taking up the ſpade I began to work very diligently; and though I could not help regreting the loſs of my beloved books, yet I felt my heart pure light and eaſy, and paſſed my time very comfortably converſing with my father; till Maſter *Charles* had finiſhed his morning ſtudies, and came out to play. As I had a real regard for him, notwithſtanding the many little diſagreements we had had upon account of my getting before him in my learning, I with great pleaſure attended his ſummons to take a walk with him in the park. I there told him my diſtreſs at being excluded from Mr. *Lightlow*'s ſtudy, and alſo the uneaſineſs I felt at having ſo undeſignedly diſpleaſed his father.

"He was in ſuch high good-humour at my being prevented from any longer rivaling him in his improvements, that he promiſed to ſpeak to Sir *George* upon the ſubject, and

doubted not, he ſaid, of bringing me word of his forgiveneſs. Accordingly the next day he told me he had talked to his father, who ſaid, if *indeed I intended* no inſult by my ſpeech, he would very willingly reſtore me to the ſame degree of favor I was before in; but could not permit me to proceed with my *Latin*. Every day however I read *Engliſh* to Mr. *Lightlow*, and he never failed to encourage me to be ſteadfaſt to my *duty*, on no account to violate that, let whatever temptation would ariſe to ſolicit me.

"In this manner I went on for ſome months, working moſt part of the day with my father, and playing very friendly with *Charles*, at ſuch times as he was neither engaged with his ſtudies, or in the parlour. At length an affair happened, which entirely changed the proſpects of my future life. But if a perſon does but his duty it does not much ſignify, as my father ſaid, what his trade is.

"THE caſe was this. Sir *George*, as I told you before, had a good many children (though only one boy,) and to keep them from picking the fruit, one of the gardens, which uſed to be called the *fruit garden*, was always locked up, my father had one key to it, and Sir *George* another. One day my father had leave for a holiday, and having been into the garden after he had his beſt cloaths on, he popt the key into his pocket: but juſt as he was going out, putting his hand upon it, he took out the key and giving it to me ſaid, "O! *Ben*, here's the key of the garden; there is no occaſion for my carrying all this weight of cold iron about me when I am going abroad, ſo do you take care of it, and I charge you neither go into the garden yourſelf, or let any one elſe without your maſter's leave:" So ſaying he went away, and I put the key into my pocket. Maſter *Charles*, who was up at the window, heard all that paſſed at the gate between my

father and me, though I did not at the time know he was there.

"At noon he came down to play as uſual, and another young gentleman happening to call upon him, they ſtill permitted me to be of their party: and very comfortable we were for ſome time; till maſter *Thickneſs* obſerved ſome plums that were upon a tree in the locked-up garden.

"O! BLESS me," ſaid he, "What delicious plums are there! Do, prithee, *Stanmore*, let us have ſome. I never ſaw ſuch fine looking rogues in all my life; my mouth waters to look at them; come, let us go and climb the tree."

"WE muſt not," replied *Charles*, "it is locked up: we may never go into that garden."

" *Not go into* it!" returned the other, " what do you think ſhall keep me out, whilſt I ſee ſuch delicious creatures crying, *come eat me?* Come, come *Charles*, can't you get the key?" No," ſaid he, for at that moment he did not recollect I had it. " Well then," replied Maſter *Thickneſs*, " I'll *high* over, ſo come along boys, come along, I'll be your leader!" And immediately he began clambering up by a tree that was nailed againſt the wall on the ſame ſide we were.

" Don't do that!" ſaid Maſter *Charles* you will break the branches of the tree, and my father will be very angry if you do."

" Don't tell me of your father," ſaid he, " then tell your father to ſend us the key, and let us enter in a gentleman-like manner: for ſome of thoſe plums I *muſt* and *will* have, that I am determined."

"O! I know how we can get them," ſaid *Charles*, "I never thought of it before, but *Ben* has got the key. Let's have it *Ben*; make haſte and give it me, and I will open the door:" At theſe words maſter *Thickneſs* jumped down again, and ſtanding before me, as he rubbed the green dirt off the knees of his breeches, repeated the ſame words, "Come, make haſte and let's have it."

"Indeed I *can't* let you have it!" replied I. "You know *Charles* you muſt not! How can you aſk me for it? How came you to know I have it?"

"No matter *how* I know it," replied he, "I *do* know it, and that is ſufficient, and ſo give it me I ſay, for I *will* have it,"

"*Indeed*," ſaid I, "you will *not*! I aſſure you

I ſhall not give it up without your father's leave."

"WHY, was there ever ſuch a fool?" ſaid young ſquire *Thickneſs*. "Not give it without Sir *George*'s leave indeed! Why then we might juſt as well go and aſk him for his own key; for we may be ſure he will not grant permiſſion."

"THEN I am *ſure*," ſaid I, "you ſhall not have it; don't Maſter *Charles*, don't Maſter *Thickneſs*, ſay any more about it, for I *can't* give it you; *indeed* I can't."

"WHAT, does your *honor* prevent you *Ben*?" ſaid *Charles*, in a taunting voice, leering out at the corner of his eyes at me as he ſpoke."

"YES, Sir," I ſaid, "my *honor does* prevent me, nor will I, for the ſake of your gormandizing plums, *ſtain that honor* which

you ſo much laugh at, by abuſing that truſt my father repoſed in me."

"WHAT!" ſaid Maſter *Thickneſs*, "and are we to be kept from the plums becauſe *your* father don't like we ſhould have them, that he may *crib* ſo many more for himſelf? If *that* is all, the long and the ſhort of the matter ſhall be this; we will *take* the key in an open *honorable* manner from your *truſty* pockets, and if you happen to be *robbed*, you know you cannot help that."

"*Fie* upon ſuch *mean* artifice," replied I, "I would ſooner give it you outright, than be guilty of ſuch deteſtable deceit. What! do you think I will *ſuffer* you to *take* it from me, and then excuſe myſelf, by ſaying you *would* have it, and *robbed* me of it! No indeed! You little know who you have to deal with, if you think I will conſent to ſuch *baſe*, ſuch *mean-ſpirited* contrivances.

You cannot like the plums better than I do; but I will go without taſting a plum to the day of my death, ſooner than purchaſe it at the expence of——"

"Your *honor*, I ſuppoſe," added *Charles*.

"Yes, of my *honor*, and my *fidelity*," rejoined I.

"Well then, we will eaſe you in that reſpect," ſaid Maſter *Thickneſs*, and without the leaſt degree of prevarication upon the ſubject, you ſhall be able to tell your father that we took it from you, and you really *could not* help it, for have it we will."

"So ſaying they both flew upon me, *Charles* held my hands, whilſt the young 'ſquire ſearched my pockets, and ran with his prize towards the garden door, *Charles* in the mean time endeavouring to prevent my

following him. This you may ſuppoſe occaſioned a ſcuffle between us, in which *Charles*'s face was much bruiſed by a tree, againſt which in our tuſtling he fell. The moment I was diſengaged I ran to Maſter *Thickneſs*, who was then the inſide the garden, making the moſt uſe he could of the time *Charles* and I were engaged together. Provoked at being ſo ungenerouſly uſed, and thinking it really my place to defend the fruit, I followed him up the tree, and as his ſtand there was not a very firm one, ſoon made him loſe his hold, and drop to the ground; though in his fall he likewiſe was a good deal hurt: he cut his leg againſt a hoe that lay on the ground, which ſoon made a bloody appearance upon his ſtocking. The moment he got upon his legs they both ran out of the garden: I followed them cloſe, but being rather behind them, (as I was in the tree when *Thickneſs* fell from it) they got out firſt, and locked me in. They then finding them-

ſelves ſo much hurt as to render it impoſſible for them to eſcape obſervation, ungenerouſly went to Sir *George*, told him that they had had an affray with me, in which they were both a little hurt, in endeavouring to prevent my going into the fruit garden, where I then was; as they had locked me in whilſt they went to tell him.

"Sir *George* happening to be diſengaged, came himſelf to let me out, and found me gathering up the plums Maſter *Thickneſs* had thrown down. He began by angrily enquiring "What buſineſs I had to be there, gathering the fruit?"

"I looked confounded, and heſitating, not knowing what anſwer to give him, being unwilling to bring Maſter *Charles* into diſgrace, ſaid, "I came, Sir,—my father told me to take care of the key, Sir.—I am not *gathering* the plums, Sir,—indeed, Sir, I am

only picking up what were knocked off the tree:—indeed, Sir, I am not gathering them,—I was going to bring them in-doors."

"*Ben!*" ſaid he, and gave me a ſtroke acroſs my back with the walking-cane he had in his hand, "I have a great mind to thraſh you heartily, you young rogue: I am ſure you deſerve it, both for coming into the garden, and for telling me ſuch an abominable lie, as to ſay you were *not* gathering the fruit and intended bringing it in-doors."

"*Indeed! Indeed!*" replied I, "I had no deſign of keeping them, nor did I gather one of them, upon my word I did not Sir, if you will believe me I did not."

"I WILL believe no ſuch thing," returned he, "I know you have no buſineſs here, and I know too that you have been fighting

with *Charles*, becauſe he tried to prevent your coming in."

"*He* prevent *me!*" ſaid I eagerly, "*Charles* try to prevent *my* coming here! He *did* indeed try to prevent me whilſt Maſter *Thickneſs* climbed up the tree: but if he ſays that *I* came into the garden to gather the plums, he is a *liar!* he knows he is, and I am ſure he deſerves to be thraſhed if he could ſay any ſuch thing."

"THIS," replied Sir *George*, "is ſtrange unbecoming language for you, I think, *Ben*; but whatever names you may pleaſe to call my ſon, he has told me that you came here contrary to his perſuaſions; and though you may perhaps have an excellent opinion of yourſelf, ſtill I have as much dependence upon him, and will as ſoon believe *him*, when he ſays *you* would come in, as *you*, when you ſay you *intended* to carry all you picked up

in-doors. Beſides, you know you ought not to have come in at all, and then you would not have known what was upon the ground or what not."

"Nor ſhould I, Sir," anſwered I, "have come in, had not Maſter *Charles* and Maſter *Thickneſs* taken the key from me, and came in to rob the tree themſelves; that is, Maſter *Thickneſs* did, whilſt *Charles* endeavoured to hold me; and in ſtruggling to get from him it was that he knocked his face againſt a tree, and Maſter *Thickneſs* cut his leg with the hoe as he fell from the plum-tree: This they know is the *real truth*; and if they deny it, and lay the blame upon me, they are both *mean-ſpirited liars!*"

"Well! well!" ſaid Sir *George*, "if this is the manner of your behaviour, and theſe the polite appellations you chuſe to give my ſon and his friend, it is high

time you ſhould be taught your proper diſtance, and be made to return to that want and poverty from which I have ſo long raiſed you. This night, therefore, you will obſerve, young man, is the *laſt* you are to ſleep under my roof: and ſince you can ſo little agree with my ſon, I ſhall deſire your father to find ſome other employment for you, than that of working in my garden.

"I DID intend, had you behaved properly, to have ſhewn myſelf a friend to you through life; but you have forfeited all farther favor from me, and are therefore at liberty to ſeek for future aſſiſtance where you can find it; but I promiſe you it ſhall not be from me, and I would adviſe you, if ever you ſhould again meet with as good a friend as I have been to you, not to offend him by your *inſolent behaviour*."

"IT is impoſſible to deſcribe the aſtoniſhment I was in at this unexpected anger, and claſping my hands together, I beſought him to pardon my unintentional offence, declaring I meant not the ſmalleſt affront, and only deſigned to acquaint him with the real *truth*, when I ſaid Maſter *Charles* and Maſter *Thickneſs* were *liars*; as they certainly were, if they told him *I* wanted to get into the garden to gather the fruit. "But, Sir," added I, "if you do not like to hear how the affair happened, I will hold my tongue, and never ſay any more about the matter; only I *promiſe* you I was not to blame: *indeed, indeed*, Sir, I was not! my father told me not to let *any* body have the key without your leave; and for that reaſon I tried to prevent their getting it from me."

"WELL!" replied Sir *George*, "this is a ſtrange hiſtory; there muſt be a *ſtory ſomewhere*; and I have no more reaſon to doubt

the honor of *Charles* and *Thickneſs* than your's. However, I think you ſeem often to diſagree, and therefore, as I ſaid before, to-morrow you ſhall return home; ſo let me hear no more upon the ſubject, or have any farther intreaties to ſtay, becauſe I am determined you ſhall not." So ſaying, he opened the door for me to go out of the garden, and locking it after him, put the key into his own pocket.

"I WAS at firſt ſadly mortified at being turned out of the family in which I had ſo long reſided (for I was now ten years old) in ſo diſgraceful a manner. "To be turned out," ſaid I to myſelf, "charged with the crimes of *theft* and *lying*, what upon earth can be more ſhocking? what more diſtreſſing? ſurely no greater misfortune could poſſibly have befallen me, than thus, innocent as I am, to be ſuſpected of ſuch *baſe*, ſuch *great* crimes. If I had been ever ſo guilty, I could

not have been worſe thought of, or puniſhed more than I now am. But I *won't* mind it; I am ſure I was doing *right*, and that ſhall be my comfort; and more comfort too I ſhall receive from *that* thought, than Maſter *Charles* and Maſter *Thickneſs* will be able to enjoy, from having falſely accuſed me to Sir *George*, and making him ſend me from his family. If, therefore, my own innocence affords me more peace than their wicked behaviour will ever let them receive, I am certainly not in ſo bad a ſtate as they are; and therefore, notwithſtanding all their riches, I am far better off than they, conſequently worſe misfortunes might have happened to me, and I am not ſo wretched as I firſt fancied; I am *honeſt*, and ſhall, I dare ſay, be able to get my bread ſome how or other.

"WITH theſe kind of ſoothing reflections I endeavoured to comfort myſelf: for you muſt allow, Sir, to a lad who valued his

character, to be accuſed of *deceit* and *diſhoneſty* was no little mortification: for a good *name* you know, Sir, to a poor perſon is, as you may ſay, *all* in *all*. However, a good *conſcience* is ſtill better; and as that depended upon the malice of no one, I was determined not to part with that: a *good conſcience*, thought I, ſhall always be my companion, and my comforter, let what will happen, for no power on earth can deprive me of that; and Heaven, I truſt, will always enable me to keep it. But, as I was telling you Sir, I endeavoured to keep up my ſpirits till my father came home, and then I told him all that had paſſed.

"THIS is *black* news, indeed my boy," ſaid he; "I was in hopes your fortune was made, and that you would have continued in this good family till you was old enough to take my place."

"*Good* family!" ſaid I, "pray father don't call them *good*; for I think they have behaved very *bad* to me, to turn me away in ſuch a diſgraceful manner."

"HOLD! hold, *Ben!*" ſaid he, "you ſuffer your tongue to outrun your wit, and ſpeak in a very miſbecoming manner of all this worthy family, becauſe, forſooth, they have now offended you. I don't ſay, indeed, that you are much indebted to Maſter *Charles*; but to the Baronet and his dear Lady, (bleſſings be upon them!) you are more obliged than you will ever have it in your power to pay. Pray who is it has cloathed you, I may ſay, from the hour of your birth to the preſent moment? Look at the cloaths you have now got on your back; think of the food you have in your belly, and then tell me, if I may not well call the family *good* that has hitherto ſupported you? And your *learning*, that you make ſuch a-to-do

about, where got you that, my boy? Doſt think I could ever have afforded to have ſent you to ſchool to get it? No, no, I never could have done that; nor I promiſe you, would your mother have had more time than myſelf to have taught you. To be ſure, of a *Sunday* evening we ſhould always have heard you read a *chapter*, or a *pſalm*, or ſo; becauſe that would have been our duty; but as for teaching you all the fine *learned* books you read to Mr. *Lightlow*, or inſtructing you how to write, we could never have done that; and ſo you would have gone without, and been not a bit better ſcholar than your brother *Mich*, or any of your ſiſters: and ſo prithee, *Ben*, think of theſe things, and be *grateful* for all paſt favors, and not abuſe the whole family, becauſe the young 'ſquire played you a ſlippery trick for the ſake of ſaving his own back from going to pot; and a ſad trick to be ſure it was; nevertheleſs we ought to forgive even *him*;

for *Chriſtians*, *Ben*, muſt forgive their enemies, or elſe they are no *Chriſtians*. But Sir *George* and his Lady, I am ſure, have done you no wrong, at leaſt no *wilful* wrong; for when Maſter *Charles* and young 'Squire *Thickneſs* went and told their tale their own way, why it was natural enough, you ſee, for Sir *George*, to believe them; for who could have ſuppoſed they were ſuch wicked young rogues as to invent ſuch a lie againſt you? And then when your maſter caught you picking up the plums, it was natural enough, you ſee, to think you muſt be guilty; I am ſure I ſhould have thought ſo too if I had been in his place: and ſo, *Ben*, excuſe his miſtake; and forgive Maſter *Charles*, and Maſter *Thickneſs*; and pray to God to forgive them too, for their ſin has been ſtill worſe againſt him, than it has againſt you."

"THAT is true indeed, father," ſaid I;

" and I confeſs I was much to blame to feel ſo angry againſt the *good* family (as you *juſtly* called them) as I did; but you have convinced me of my fault; and I hope I ſhall never more be forgetful of all the many and *great* favors I have received from them; and I heartily pray God to bleſs them all, and forgive Maſter *Charles* and Maſter *Thickneſs* the *wicked*, *wicked* lie they told of me."

" AMEN!" ſaid my father: " there's an honeſt lad now: that is *well* ſaid, my boy, and ſpoken like *yourſelf*, and like a *Chriſtian*. Continue, *Ben*, to act in this manner, and never fear; you'll get your livelihood ſome how or other: the world is a large place, and Providence will make room for you ſomewhere. God never ſends birds, but he ſends berries to feed them; and depend upon it, you, my boy, ſhall have your mouth filled as well as the birds of the air. But then you muſt always remember, that the birds

perform all their little duties, and never commit any ſins to offend the Good Being that provides for them. Do you therefore imitate *them* by performing all *your* duties, and keeping yourſelf free from tranſgreſſions; and take my word for it, your head ſhall always float above water. "Thoſe who ſwim in ſin, ſhall ſink in ſorrow," juſtly ſays the old proverb; but thoſe who truſt in God ſhall never be caſt down. So once more *Ben*, I tell thee, be of a good heart, and depend upon it, time and patience will make a man of thee."

"But, dear Sir, I ſhall quite tire you with my tedious manner of telling my hiſtory, only when I go to repeat what my worthy father ſaid to me, I never know how to ſhorten it, or which part to omit mentioning, for all he ſaid was *ſo good*, and *ſo true*, that I could repeat it all day long, and yet, no doubt, to you, Sir, it muſt appear very

dull, but I know your goodneſs will pardon my dwelling ſo long upon what was of ſuch infinite importance to me, for the leſſons my poor father gave me in my youth have been the bleſſed means of all my happineſs through life.

"AFTER I left Sir *George*'s I had not many books, though indeed Mr. *Lightlow* was ſo kind as to give me a Bible, and two or three more that he thought would be ſerviceable to me; but as I had not many, and was very fond of writing, I uſed to write down the good advice my father and mother gave me; ſo then I could read it over and over at my leiſure, you know Sir, till I got it ſo fixed upon my memory, as to have it ready for every occaſion; and thank God I never thought myſelf too wiſe to receive inſtruction from my parents. I know, ſaid I, to my own heart, they love me moſt tenderly; they are *older*, and conſequently *wiſer* than I am; I am ſure

for that reaſon what they tell me muſt be for my advantage; and what a fool ſhall I be not to obey them: beſides, has not God abſolutely *commanded* us to honor our fathers and mothers? therefore to diſobey *them*, is to diſobey the Lord; and thoſe who do *that* ſhall never know what it is to be happy. You will perhaps, Sir, be apt to think that I am giving myſelf a better character than I deſerve; but indeed I only tell you the real honeſt truth, nor would I utter a falſity to be maſter of ten thouſand pounds; for, as I told you before, my father taught me to be *above* being guilty of ſuch a crime, and I can ſafely ſay I never have; for it was my *pride* and my *glory* at all times to be virtuous. It ſhall never, thought I, be ſaid, that *Ben Adams*, poor as he is, committed a *baſe* action. No! he ſhall be *honeſt*, *ſincere*, and *virtuous*, though reduced to beggary, and the Great God, who formed him of the ſame fleſh and blood with the high and mighty, will look

down well pleaſed with his integrity, and finally reward him for it.

" But, Sir, to return to my hiſtory, which I will haſten to conclude as quick as poſſible. In a few weeks after I left Sir *George Stanmore*, one Mr. *Gargaris*, an apothecary, took me into his family to clean knives and ſhoes, and carry out the medicines. Here I lived in peace and quietneſs, for ſix years; though with very ſmall wages; when my maſter died, and as a token of his regard for, and approbation of my good behaviour, left me a legacy of five pounds: one of which I gave to my ſiſter *Bet*, to buy her ſome tight cloaths, that ſhe might be fitter for ſervice, in which ſhe was juſt going to engage. With another I bought a bed, which my mother had long wanted, upon account of the family being ſo large, (for I think I have already told you, Sir, that there were ſeven beſides myſelf.) A a third I divided equally between all my

ſiſters and brother, to procure them new ſhoes: and after purchaſing two new ſhirts, two pair of ſtockings, and a leathern apron, with the reſt I bound myſelf apprentice to a ſhoemaker for four years.

"I CANNOT ſay I paſſed that time very happily, for though my maſter *underſtood*, and very honeſtly *taught* me his *buſineſs*, ſtill he was of ſo wretched bad a diſpoſition, that he would never be eaſy himſelf, or let others be ſo: he was fretful and paſſionate to a great degree, always vexing himſelf about ſome trifle or other, ſo that he had no enjoyment of his life: even if ſo ſmall a thing as his dinner did not pleaſe him, he would ſtorm and ſwear at his wife like a madman; in ſhort, he convinced me ſo forcibly that there was no happineſs to be had without *good-humour*, and patiently over-looking little unlucky accidents, that I determined to keep a ſtrict watch over my *own* temper, and never

fool away my peace at that rate. So, perhaps, it might be well for me, that the four years I ſpent in learning my trade *were* ſo uncomfortable; for had they been *leſs* ſo, I might, perhaps, have neglected to take ſo much care of my own heart, as obſerving my maſter's bad temper taught me to do. For, ſaid I, *I'll be hanged* before I will be the plague of my own life, and that of every body elſe, by my petulance and ill-nature! I will ſooner cut my tongue out, than let it be the torment of all who hear it; and if I can learn my maſter's *buſineſs*, I will be ſure and ſhun his diſobliging temper.

"WELL, Sir, diſagreeable as it was, I ſtayed my full time with him. I then went as journeyman to another maſter, not chuſing to continue any longer than neceſſary with my old one: where I worked in that capacity ſeven years; at the end of which time my maſter was ſo well pleaſed with me, that he

took me into partnerſhip with him, and in about eight more retired entirely from buſineſs, and left me in the whole poſſeſſion of a very pretty trade: upon which, Sir, by my induſtry, and by the bleſſing of God, I have brought up, and provided for with decency, three ſons and four daughters: and what will give me unſpeakable ſatisfaction to the laſt hour of my life, I ſupported in comfort my aged mother, and one of my ſiſters: who by a fall as ſhe was carrying a pail of water up ſtairs, broke her back, and was ever after unable to walk even a-croſs the room.

"Don't think, dear Sir, I mention this by way of *boaſting*; no, far from it; I only mention it, to let you know that an honeſt ſervant of God may be of great uſe in his generation, even though but a *poor* man. And all my ſucceſs in life I entirely owe to thoſe good inſtructions I received from

my worthy parents, and Mr. *Lightlow*, (who, I ſhould have told you, came to ſee me whilſt I was 'prentice, and gave me a guinea.) After having paſſed through life with the reputation I have done, may I not, Sir, juſtly ſay I *have*, and may I not *feel* an honeſt pride of heart, that would abhor a mean action? Yes, Sir, I look *down* on *vice* as *beneath* me, though the perſon who practices it was *a prince:* and with pleaſure I look *forward* to the time when my *poverty* ſhall be changed into *riches*; and and *old Ben Adams*, the *gardener's ſon*, the *foot-boy*, and the *cobler*, ſhall ſhine as conſpicuous, and be as happy in the preſence of God, as the greateſt monarch that ever ruled an empire."

SUCH, my dear boy, ſaid Mr. *Goodwin* to his ſon, was the diſcourſe of our old neighbour *Adams*; and by it I hope you underſtand what kind of *pride* I mean to re-

commend, when I adviſe you to have too much *reſpect* for *yourſelf*, ever to condeſcend to act wrong. A good fortune is, no doubt, a great bleſſing; but in *Ben Adams* you ſee how *virtue* and *honeſt induſtry* can ennoble human nature, though deſtitute of every worldly advantage. I hope, therefore, the ſtriking difference that appears between *his* conduct and that of *Tom Saytree*'s, (both of which are *true* characters) will convince you of the great advantage of early in life attending to the good advice of your parents and inſtructors; and *making* and *keeping* that noble reſolution, at all times to be *above deceit*, or any improper bad behaviour.

THE END.